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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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"If I were home for Christmas"



CANADIAN Staff-Sergeant Herbert Layercraft, member of a Canadian Army unit.



AUSTRALIAN Sgt. Eric Faravoni, now in New Guinea.



BRITISH Sergeant J. D. Walker, Maritime Artillery.



DUTCH C/P.O. Leo Schaller, of the Royal Netherlands Navy.

ALL over the world this Christmas millions of men and women of many nationalities are away from home.

- Fighting in foreign lands, on the high seas, nursing the sick and wounded, they share with all of us the hope that this perhaps will be the last wartime Christmas.
- On this page some Allies and our own lads tell how they would be spending Christmas if they were home.

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From an Airman

By F/Lt. S. V. LESLIE, R.A.A.F.

HOME!
Tender word.
Visions of trees, and misted hills,
Of flowers, blooming in the glens,
And cool winds.
It's Christmas once again.
I'd hoped so much
To spend this one at home.
When morning came,
Showing their stockings
Bulged and big with toys.
I've lived this Christmas Eve
A thousand times.
Creeping, in stocking feet
Into the darkened room,
Wherein my children slept,
I've suffered anguish
As I stubbed a toe
On non-existent chairs.
And borne the pain
In breathless silence,
Lest I should spoil
The morrow's rich surprise.
A shadow joins me, slips her
hand to mine,
And we stand by the little beds.
Voiceless, we share our small
eternity.
The perspiration flows into my
eyes,
Blurring my vision.
The tropic sun sears across my
dream,
And roaring engines
Shout their songs of war.
New angels these,
With gifts of pain and death.
Peace on earth, goodwill to men.
It's Christmas once again.
I'd hoped so much
To spend this one at home.

In Britain

SERGEANT J. D. WALKER, of the Maritime Royal Artillery, who has spent his last five Christmases at sea, far from his home in Belfast, Northern Ireland:

"If I were home this Christmas I would be working in our grocery shop till midnight Christmas Eve.
"Christmas dinner would be wonderful, with traditional fare and the whole family and innumerable relatives sitting down to it.
"Christmas always brings back my happiest pictures of my mother.

"Mother never quite grew up when it came to Christmas. Her delight and enthusiasm so outstripped that of the kids that you would have thought the festivities were specially invented for her.
"From as far back as I can remember, Christmas was a gift which mother took weeks to collect, then wrapped up and presented to us on December 25."

Sergeant Walker has two brothers and two sisters. His 21-year-old "kid" sister was recently married.

He says his most lively Christmas at sea during the past five years was December, 1941, when his ship was shelled during a German raider's attack on an Atlantic convoy.

Cliff-dweller

MISS JULIETTE LIPPE, American Red Cross worker, who has helped to organise the Christmas festivities at a U.S. hospital in Hollandia, where she is stationed:

"I am a 'cliff dweller' in Manhattan, New York, where my family has an apartment on the twelfth floor.
"My parents have five children, and we have been scattered by the war, but we'd all be there for Christmas.

"On Christmas Eve we'd all be at home decorating the Christmas tree. At midnight we would go to Midnight Mass. Then we'd come home and, as on every Christmas, we would break the family rule not to open any parcels. We always weaken and open the most exciting-looking parcels right away.

"Christmas dinner is roast turkey and cranberry sauce, green peas, mashed potatoes, potatoes browned in the oven, sweet potatoes, and always—I don't know why—mashed turnips.
"Miss Lippe spent last Christmas at an Army station hospital in the United States.
"Our hospital served camps where there were American boys back from North Africa, Italian prisoners of war, and loyal Japanese from Hawaii, training for the Army," she said.

Six years away

LEO SCHALLER, Chief Petty-Officer in a Dutch warship, has not had a Christmas at home in Amsterdam since 1933, when he left for duty in the Netherlands East Indies.

The only news he has had of his parents and two sisters since then was a Red Cross message in which he learned that his eldest sister, since married, had a baby daughter.

"If I were home for Christmas," he said, "I would hope all my family would be there. And there would be dozens of relations and their children visiting us in the afternoon.
"We would have already had one Christmas—the children's Christmas on Saint Nicholas' Day, December 5, when the children sing songs before they go to bed and put shoes near



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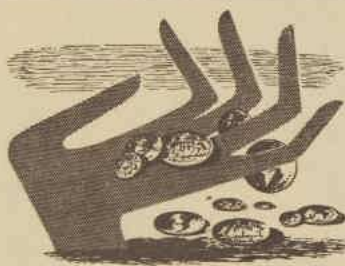


AMERICAN Miss Juliette Lippe, a Red Cross worker.

White Christmas

STAFF-SERGEANT HERB LAYCRAFT, 21-year-old Canadian, who, with his twin brother, is a member of a Canadian Army unit in Australia:

"We have a white Christmas where I come from. My home is in Alberta, not far from the Duke of Windsor's ranch.
"Ever since I can remember we have had a set routine for Christmas. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve all the family stays home to dress the tree. Every family has a big one—a real fir tree, six or seven feet high—covered in lights, tinsel, and icicles, in the main room. Then there is another smaller one in the front window.
"On Christmas morning my young brother is awake by 5 o'clock, so we are all up to listen to the King's broadcast at 8. Then after breakfast we take our presents off the tree.
"We spend the morning skiing and tobogganing on the hills round home, so we have a good appetite for Christmas dinner, which we have about 3 o'clock at night."



Don't be a butterfingers...

Money slips through one's fingers so easily! A shilling here, a shilling there—then 'Where did the rest of that pound go?' When supplies are available again we shall be sorry we didn't take more thought for the morrow. It would be galling to watch the 'wise ones' spending their savings while we had none. For there will be plenty to buy then. And plenty of Tootal Fabrics, prettier than ever—many of them marked with the 'Tebilized' brand that stands for tested crease-resistance.

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Darling

By...

Australian author

**KITTY
BARNES**

MARJORIE reflected, for the hundredth time, that Jim wrote the funniest letters. They were a little bit dull, actually, and the censor wasn't altogether to blame. Perhaps—and this was a thought that she strangled with suspicious haste—perhaps the truth was that Jim himself was just a wee bit dull.

"Four years ago," she told herself sternly, "you were crazy about him. He wasn't dull then. It isn't Jim who's changed, and you know that very well."

But four years was a long time, especially when they happened to be the four years between seventeen and twenty-one.

Jim hadn't changed. His letters, when you came to think of it, were just like himself, inarticulate, non-committal, shy. No amount of lime-light and adulation had ever made any difference to him.

He had been the star three-quarter in his football team in the days when she and her schoolmates had spent their Saturday afternoons nominally cheering his side to victory, but actually hero-worshipping him. When he went to the University they had forsaken the Great Public Schools' matches to follow his career.

Marjorie was considered very lucky because Jim was her brother's friend, came often to her home, and was so fond of her. It was hard to say why everyone took it for granted that Jim was fond of her, for he was most undemonstrative. But it was true.

He had been fond of her since the first time Tom had brought him home for the week-end from school. She had been only ten, but had taken pity on his shyness. Jim thought her a "sport of a kid," and had actually said so to Tom. It was the only thing approaching a compliment that he had ever paid her in words. But he had ensured her social success by partnering her at her first dance, and at any subsequent dance for which she had required him.

Yet the reason for his popularity was a riddle, for his shyness and silence were no pose.

All Marjorie's friends were more or less "crazy" about him, but Jim was impervious to any sort of blandishment. It was acknowledged that he was fond of Marjorie, but it was a placid sort of feeling, and there were other girls he was fond of, too, notably the Sandhurst twins, who were Marjorie's special mates, and had joined her in the business of mothering him before they reached their teens.

The Sandhursts were pretty and popular girls who were always in the thick of any party Marjorie arranged, and were never short of partners.

Marjorie never envied them their charm. She was bored with all the boys she knew, except Jim. At seventeen she had what she described to herself as "a most frantic crush" on him.

But she was also, at seventeen, extremely sensitive, and tried to keep her feelings secret. The other girls languished after Jim more or less openly, laughed at themselves and each other, and one by one gave him up. Excepting Carol Prentice, however, who still pursued him, as she had done for years, with patience and determination.

Marjorie suffered agonies in imagination. She used to lie awake at night picturing Coral Prentice successful at last, and leading an impossibly radiant Jim from the altar. When Jim danced with other girls—and he danced with dozens—she knew the pangs of jealousy. She

used to make inventories of her charms—which were not inconsiderable—and come to the conclusion that they were inadequate.

Jim joined the Air Force as soon as war was declared. It seemed to the stricken Marjorie no time at all before he was home on his final leave.

Everybody was indecently gay. Marjorie managed to be quite gay herself, in between times. Jim had no parents, and he stayed at her home. They went on motoring picnics—there was still petrol in those days—and had evening parties.

However, none of the girls had as much time to lavish on Jim as they might have liked, for they were all busy rehearsing for the Red Cross operetta. Marjorie and the Sandhursts were in the chorus. The performance was to take place on Jim's very last night.

"Don't come if you don't want to, son," said Tom to Jim. "It's only an amateur show after all, and you don't want to be bored with things. I've got to go, myself, but—"

But Jim, to the relief of the three girls, who were all looking daggers at Tom, said he would like to go.

It was easily the gayest night they had had. The operetta was a more or less open-air performance, given from the verandah of the Prentices' big home to an audience assembled on the lawn. Artistically it left something to be desired, but the audience was happy, and large.

It was a beautiful night, but toward the end the moon went down. Marjorie thought it was somehow symbolic. Jim had to catch a train at half-past eleven. He was going. The deepening gloom of the night was appropriate.

She was by herself, leaning against one of the verandah pillars. Inside, everybody was drinking everybody's health, with bursts of laughter, and Marjorie couldn't stand it.

Jim was being awfully nice to Carol. The Sandhurst twins were promising to write to him. "But only if you write to me," Beryl was stipulating in her smiling way. "I'll make some allowance for wartime conditions, but not much. I warn you. You write once a week. I'll write once a week. I can't say fairer."

"That goes for me, too," said Olive, her sister. Olive never said as much as Beryl, but Marjorie knew that she was very fond of Jim. Marjorie herself had promised to write to Jim that afternoon; lots of letters.

She shrank further into the shadow. Someone else was coming out on to the verandah. It was Olive. She stopped and said, "That you, Marje? Beastly hot, inside, isn't it?" and then she went down the steps and disappeared in the darkness of a row of oleanders.

The laughter went on inside the house. There wouldn't be any good-byes, Marjorie knew. Jim never said embarrassing good-byes. He would just wave his hand, say, "Seeing you," and go. But she had better be there to wave with the others, just the same.

She drew deeper into the shadow, and dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. There mustn't be a sign of a tear.



"There'll never be anyone else," Jim murmured to her softly.

Someone behind her said something not quite articulate that sounded like "Darling."

Marjorie was still, in utter astonishment. It was Jim.

He said, "You won't forget—that you promised—this afternoon." He did not put his arm round her, but he actually kissed the hair on the top of her head. Even in her blank amazement she could feel that he was afraid to touch her.

He said, "There'll never be anyone else," and then, because his voice broke, she supposed, he turned and left her.

In a few minutes there were shouts. "We're off! Rally round, everybody. It won't be long now." Marjorie, moving in a dream, joined the throng on the front verandah. Surprisingly, Jim said any amount of good-byes. He kissed every girl present. He had more to say than ever in his life before. He hugged Marjorie hard. Then he was off. It was the signal for a general move, and in almost no time the throng had dwindled away, and there were only Tom and Carol left.

Tom and Carol, as producers of the operetta, had a last consulta-

tion. But Carol, in the midst of it, glanced at Marjorie sitting patient and miserable in a big chair, and suddenly rose.

"Take the kid home and put her to bed, Tom," she said.

That was four years ago. Marjorie had written lots of letters, as she had promised, and Jim had written to her, too, as regularly as possible. He had also written to Carol, and to Beryl and Olive Sandhurst.

The girls exchanged letters pretty freely, and all the letters were much the same. They were just like the letters that Jim used to write when he was away with a football team. They rarely filled more than a page, and there was never anything in them, except an occasional welcome piece of news about some other of their friends who were overseas. He was grateful for their letters, and often said so in a short, embarrassed way.

Marjorie sometimes wondered if she had dreamed that brief interlude on the Prentice verandah. It seemed so unreal. But now, and again there was a hint in his letters, a vague reference. "It's just a year to-day since the show at the Prentices'." "It's two years since I saw you last—I remember to the very day, you see." "Mind you don't change, Marjorie—I don't want you to be changed when I get back."

She tried to suppress that letter, because she thought the others might see as much in it as she did, but Tom demanded to see it. He raised his eyebrows at this passage, and remarked, "Jim's getting almost maudlin. Last letter he called you dear. It just shows what absence will do."

"Jim was always very fond of Marje," said their mother, with a faint note of reproof.

"Of course he was, mum," her son agreed, "but wild horses would never have made him say so."

Marjorie thought Jim's letters were slight food even for the most healthy affection, but she thought she understood him, too. There was more to it than just his constitutional silence. Jim thought seventeen was a bit young to be engaged.

She continued in a state of mingled happiness, anxiety, and devotion for more than two years. By the end of that time she was very busy, doing a wartime job, and spending half her nights on voluntary work. She had numerous interests, and hardly a moment to think. Perhaps that was the reason why, when the overseas mails arrived, and there was a letter for her from Jim, she no longer found it necessary to keep up a carefully sisterly attitude. Or perhaps it was becoming a matter of habit?

There was a period of three months when there was no letter at all, and she found herself coming through the ordeal surprisingly well. Jim turned up safe and sound after all. When she found, the Sandhurst twins in tears of joy over the good news, Marjorie shed a few tears, too, but they were scandalously few. She began to be ashamed of herself.

Please turn to page 24

"Chequermate"

by L.B. WATT



THE bank manager was evidently perturbed. "You see, Inspector," he said agitatedly, "when we found the endorsement was misspelt, the cheque was returned to Mr. Dean for rectification. When it came back corrected, we rang up Sir John for confirmation merely as a matter of form, but the valet informed us he was dead. There may be nothing unusual about his death, but we would like you to investigate."

Inspector Kemp reached for a pad.

"This client of yours was Sir John Roberts, the millionaire, you say. And the payee his lawyer, Albert Dean. Right, I'll go round to Sir John's flat and take a look round."

As the little red-eyed manservant ushered Kemp into the drawing-room, a well-built, but paunchy, man in morning dress rose to greet him.

"Inspector Kemp? Let me introduce myself. Albert Dean, the late Sir John's lawyer." He turned to the girl who had remained seated, staring moodily into a roaring fire. "Miss Betty Roberts, Sir John's niece."

"And the servant who let me in was the valet, I presume?" said Kemp, as he acknowledged the introductions. Rather an overbearing type this Dean, decided Kemp. Quite a pretty girl, though. Pity she had to wear those thick glasses.

The lawyer nodded. "Yes, that is Jones. Been Sir John's valet for years. Devoted to him. Hardly stopped weeping since he died." He dismissed Jones with a wave of his hand and produced two slips of paper from a massive pocketbook. "The death certificate and a signed request from Sir John, asking to be cremated in the event of death."

Kemp took the papers. "I'm afraid there will have to be an autopsy in a case like this."

The girl spoke for the first time. "Is it really necessary? Uncle has been ailing for a long time, and I

know he would have hated the idea of any fuss."

"Merely a matter of form, but I'm afraid it is an essential formality," Kemp spoke briskly. "Can I reach you both here if I need you?"

The lawyer assented. "Yes, yes. Miss Roberts resides here, and I don't like to leave her alone at a time like this. Jones is a very good man, but he is getting old."

Some hours later Kemp sat in his office contemplating two very interesting documents. So it was murder? Sir John had died of atrophine poisoning. The easiest way of obtaining atrophine was in the form of eyedrops. And, judging by her thick glasses, Betty had the misfortune to suffer from bad eyes. Sir John's heiress, too!

He glanced at the other document and tapped the table reflectively. So the signature of the cheque was in order. No possibility of doubt there, as it had been compared with the signatures on several authentic documents. He extracted from a drawer the signed cremation request. Better send that down for comparison, too. A conversation with Miss Betty and Dean seemed to be indicated.

The old valet, whose eyes still bore traces of recent tears, said: "Mr. Dean has just taken Miss Roberts for a drive, sir. He thought the air would do her good."

Kemp dropped into the chair the old man pushed forward, and indicated one opposite. "Sit down, Jones, and take it easy. This has been a great shock to you?"

The valet blinked painfully. "Yes, sir, over ten years with Sir John. Looked after him every day of that time. They say he was hard at business, but he was very kind to me. Things don't seem worth while now."

Kemp nodded sympathetically. "Was Sir John at all worried or upset lately?"

Jones shook his head. "No, sir. In fact he had been making arrangements for a big business deal. The

first time for years. Mr. Dean wanted to handle it as usual, but Sir John insisted on doing it himself, as there was a lot of money involved."

The old man certainly seemed cut up at his master's death. That ring at the door sounded like Dean and the girl.

Betty Roberts entered alone. "Oh, it's you," she said morosely. "Well, if you want to see Mr. Dean, he's been taken ill. In fact, I had a job to get him to his flat."

"What happened?" asked Kemp casually.

The girl had taken up her usual position, and was staring into the fire. "Well, we had lunch here and he was quite normal, but complained of a slight headache. After we had been out for about ten minutes he became excited. Almost delirious. I got frightened and stopped a policeman, who got in the car and took Mr. Dean home. He was absolutely exhausted then. What did you want to see us about?"

Kemp was about to reply when the door opened and a young man came in. "I say, Betty, what's all this about Dean? I—hello, who is this?"

Betty indicated the detective with a wave of the hand. "Inspector Kemp—my fiancé, Robert Blair. The young man crossed the floor with outstretched hand. "Delighted to meet you—oh, that confounded phone again!"

Betty lifted the receiver. "Yes, he's here. For you, Inspector," she said.

"Yes, Inspector Kemp speaking. Dean? Yes, I've heard he's been taken ill. What? Right. I'll come over straight away."

He turned to the pair who had been listening with interest. "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. Mr. Dean is dead."

When Kemp entered his office he found his assistant, Sergeant Mason, pacing agitatedly up and down. "Suicide, eh?" said Kemp.

The sergeant nodded. "Yes, sir. When we got him to bed he collapsed into a coma, and died shortly afterwards. We went through his pockets, and in his overcoat we found—this." Triumphant, he placed a small medicine bottle on the table.

"Eyedrops, eh?" said Kemp, surveying it with interest. "You've taken prints, of course?"

"Yes, sir. The fingerprint people are on the job now . . . and the graphologist wants you to give him a ring."

"O.K.," said Kemp, as he reached for the receiver.

A few seconds later he heard the cheerful voice of the handwriting expert on the line. "Oh, that you, Kemp? You know these signatures of Roberts we were checking up on? Well, I've got a bit of interesting news for you. The signatures on all those cheques and the documents are exactly the same. Exactly, get it?"

"Hm," said Kemp, "been traced, eh? Thanks."

He rose to his feet and made his way to the laboratory, where a white-coated assistant greeted him with a smile. "The Roberts case, sir?"

"Don't tell me," said Kemp. "Dean's fingerprints were not on the bottle."

The assistant shook his head. "No, sir, the person who handled the bottle evidently wore gloves. Here's the photograph."

Kemp took the dripping print and examined it closely. Then he gave a whistle of triumph. "He may have, but he's slipped up all the same. He was wearing cotton gloves, and was in such a state of excitement that the perspiration has caused an imprint on his palm through the glove."

He looked at the expectant assistant thoughtfully. "White cotton gloves. A woman's, eh? But I'd swear that it's a man's hand. There is just a chance. Ring up the index people, and see if they can link it up with anyone whose record we have. There's a faint smudge of a fingerprint, too. Not good enough on its own, but they might be able to do something with the two."

An hour later Kemp gave a grunt of satisfaction. The prints were those of Ronald Smith, who had been charged with the murder of a nagging wife some years before, but had been acquitted mainly through the efforts of his lawyer, Albert Dean.

When Kemp was shown into the flat, Betty greeted him eagerly. "Any news, Inspector?"

"Dean did not commit suicide, Miss Roberts. Tell me, do you use eyedrops?"

Betty winced. "I'm afraid I have to. My eyes are very bad."

Kemp nodded. "Have you any white cotton gloves?"

She looked surprised. "I believe I have an old pair somewhere. Jones may know where they are—I don't. Shall I ring for him?"

"Please do."

Betty rang the bell, and in a remarkably short time the little valet appeared. One got the impression that he had been hovering very near at hand, awaiting the summons.

Kemp indicated a chair. "Better

take a seat, Jones. Have you got over the shock of Sir John's death?"

The valet bit his lip. "Not yet, sir. It was a great shock after all these years."

"Yes, you were very fond of him, weren't you, Jones? Did Dean force you to kill him?"

Betty gave a cry, and the room was suddenly silent again. Jones did not look up. "No, sir."

Kemp's tone was kindly. "What happened, then? Did he force you to administer the drugs under threat of exposure about your wife?"

The valet seemed older than ever, and his voice was very tired. "Something like that, sir. You see, he threatened to produce new evidence about my wife's death unless I gave Sir John the drops. He swore faithfully they would not hurt Sir John, except to make him ill enough to allow Dean to manage his affairs. So I punished Dean myself. I put the drops in his glass of sherry and slipped the bottle in his pocket as I was helping him on with his overcoat."

"Believe me, sir, it is a relief to confess. I loved Sir John. He was the only man who has ever shown me any kindness."

"You see, Mason," said Kemp to his assistant when they were seated in the office engaged in writing up their final report, "Dean killed Sir John because the old man would need money for the big deal he was about to put through, and as soon as he contacted the bank he would discover the forgeries. Poor old Jones, he had a rather raw deal," he added thoughtfully.

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Night-time is mosquito time
KILL THEM WITH FLY-TOX

PRESENT FOR PAULA

By . . .
Clara Wallace Overton

**She little knew
how opportune her
gift would be**

MY sister Paula was playing the piano in the Holbrook living-room when I left their house about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. There was a tall young soldier leaning on the piano and looking down at Paula with great interest. I didn't pay much attention to him. Lots of people drop in on the Holbrooks, and that is all there is to it until they drop in again.

How could I guess this was going to be different?

Paula was wearing her white mackintosh, as if she expected to be going somewhere else any minute. But that didn't mean anything because Paula, wherever she is, sits down at a piano with her coat on and plays and plays, which everybody wants her to do. She used to play old-time numbers, which was what Bill Warren liked best, but now she never plays them, not since their quarrel.

I'd know more about that if mother had let Dinah and me stay on the stairs while it was going on, but she would not, so all I know is that Paula broke a date with Bill and the quarrel was on my birthday. I was fourteen, but many of my friends think I could look eighteen with eye shadow.

However, mother is quite old fashioned about some things. And she likes me to be friends with Joan Holbrook, who is frankly fourteen and nothing else.

Joan had persuaded me to join a class which was now studying "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes," and it was supposed to meet at three o'clock that Sunday afternoon.

"Hurry up, Kitty, or we shall miss the hysterics part," said Joan, and if I could have looked ahead to my own house that evening, I should have hurried to that lesson. As it was, I just took my time.

I think it was about seven o'clock when Paula came home that evening. We were all in our living-room. Dinah was eating an apple, and mother spoke to her about that. "Try to eat your apple without letting us know what a good time you are having, Dinah."

Mother was working on points, dividing twenty by primes and then by biscuits, and asking Deborah if that could possibly be right when she got some answer. Deborah, who is twenty-five and seemingly very calm about being so old and not being married, was knitting a sock. I was resting on the sofa, looking at a magazine, but chiefly enjoying being home and realising what a devoted family we are—when Paula walked in.

She was still wearing her mackintosh, and her hair was wet and glistening, as if she had been walking in the rain. Her eyes were bigger and darker than ever, and excited. She walked right over to mother.

"I'm in love and I'm engaged and I'm going to be married next Saturday," she said.

Deborah slowed her knitting, and I sat up straight, looking at Paula and then at mother, who was smiling at Paula a little wistfully, but smiling.

"Well, dear, I thought you and Bill Warren would make up, and I'm very happy, really. I suppose this early wedding means Bill is going into the Army right away."

"I heard about it this week," I said. "He's going as soon as they get someone to do his work."

Bill is some kind of an engineer and he has been working in a war factory in our town, which I shall not mention. Anyway, this factory kept telling the Ministry of Labor they wanted Bill to stay where he was, and Bill kept telling the Ministry of Labor that he didn't want to do all his fighting at long distance, and so now it was settled that he was to go very soon.

I think we all thought it quite natural that he and Paula should make it up and get married, and I had even worked it out that Paula would be home with us just the same

if Bill went abroad and nothing would be so terribly different.

I was so busy with my own thoughts that I did not listen to what Paula was saying, but as soon as she had said it I realised that I had been hit and left completely stunned.

What Paula had said was "I'm not marrying Bill Warren, I am marrying Private Laurence White."

The smile was gone from mother's face now. "I don't remember ever having heard of him, Paula. If this is a joke, I don't think it is very funny."

"But it is not a joke," Paula said. "I have never spoken of Laurence because I met him only to-day at the Holbrooks and we've been walking for two hours in the rain and I loved it. Laurence did, too. We liked all the same things—everything. We've talked and talked and talked."

Mother was on her feet now. "Stop talking this nonsense right away, Paula. Are you trying to upset me?"

"It isn't nonsense," said Paula. "I'm in love and Laurence and I are going to be married next Saturday."

Mother stared at her. "Paula Marshall, do you mean to tell me that you really plan to marry some man whom you have only just met?"

"But we fell in love and we like the same things. We've been walking and talking for hours."

Mother burst into tears and sat down. Dinah spoke in a loud, even voice: "I hope you're satisfied, Paula Marshall!"

Then Dinah began to cry noisily. Paula gave Deborah a quick glance, but Deborah gave no sign. Deborah never rushes to the rescue. She comes later with a cup of tea and aspirin. Then Paula looked at me, but I was of no help at all. I just sat there, cold and miserable, wondering what was going to happen.



"No one could induce me to change my mind about getting married," Paula said, staring at Bill.

that I could tell him exactly what I think of all this business?"

"You can," said Paula. "He's in the hall."

Paula walked to the doorway. "Come in, darling. It's quite all right. Mother is very anxious to meet you."

So he came in, smiling at all of us. It seemed, as Paula told him our names.

I took a good look at him now. I think most people would say Laurence White has charm. He wears rain well, too. I mean, he looked damp, but not wilted or depressed or as if he might take cold. I was pretty sure that he had been in the Army, but I did not like him. Perhaps I like a sadder type of man. But I must say that mother is very nice to all her guests, and she rallied to receive Laurence White.

"How do you do, Mr. White," she said. "I must confess that I am badly disturbed by Paula's sudden announcement. Naturally, I cannot approve of it at all, but won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Marshall. Paula suggested to me that you might be more or less upset by our news, but she said you would see things our way by to-morrow."

"I'm afraid Paula was wrong, Mr. White. I could not consent to my daughter being married to a total stranger."

"I suppose that depends on how you regard the time dimension," said Laurence.

"I don't quite understand," said mother.

"It's very simple, really. If I had known Paula, let us say, for six months, you would no doubt regard that as a conventional length of time in which to become engaged."

"It is possible, Mr. White, although I prefer two years."

"Let us say two years, then," said Laurence agreeably. "But perhaps I have known Paula even longer than that if you will think of time as being wide as well as long."

"I'm afraid I cannot," said mother. "But please let me ask you, Mr.

White, how do you expect your mother to react to this situation?"

"Mother is a very enthusiastic person," said Laurence. "We hope, Paula and I, that you and she will become fast friends. Mother will, of course, come here for our marriage—and may I suggest, Mrs. Marshall, that we all resolve to make that as simple as possible? Paula agrees with this. Don't you, darling? Just your little group and ourselves."

"Yes, darling," said Paula, "and you will have to run for your bus, darling."

Paula and he went out into the hall and we all stood there and looked at one another blankly. Then mother said quite earnestly: "I think I am going to faint. Please, Deborah."

Now was the time for Deborah to come to the aid of the family. She did, so quietly and efficiently that, instead of fainting, mother watched her with a kind of helpless pride. Deborah brought mother a glass of water. She opened a window slightly.

Then she turned to mother and made the statement we had all been waiting for: "I think we should ask Mr. Warren to come over at once."

Mother sipped the water. "Please do, Deborah. I am at my wits' end. The young man is very nice and I hate him. Is that clear?"

"Exactly," said Deborah, and went to telephone.


When we have a crisis in our family we send for Mr. Warren, because father left it that way. Perhaps knowing mother's character so well, he thought it best for Mr. Warren to look after our affairs. Mr. Warren is a very nice man and we all like him very much, but I must say he has grown cooler and cooler toward crises that involve money. And mother says just try to have a crisis that doesn't take extra money. That is our great family problem. It is not the money we spend. It is the extra money we spend.

Please turn to page 21

Not this Christmas but...

This Christmas the old Gentleman with the Reindeer will have very little Cadbury's Chocolate to distribute. There will certainly be limited

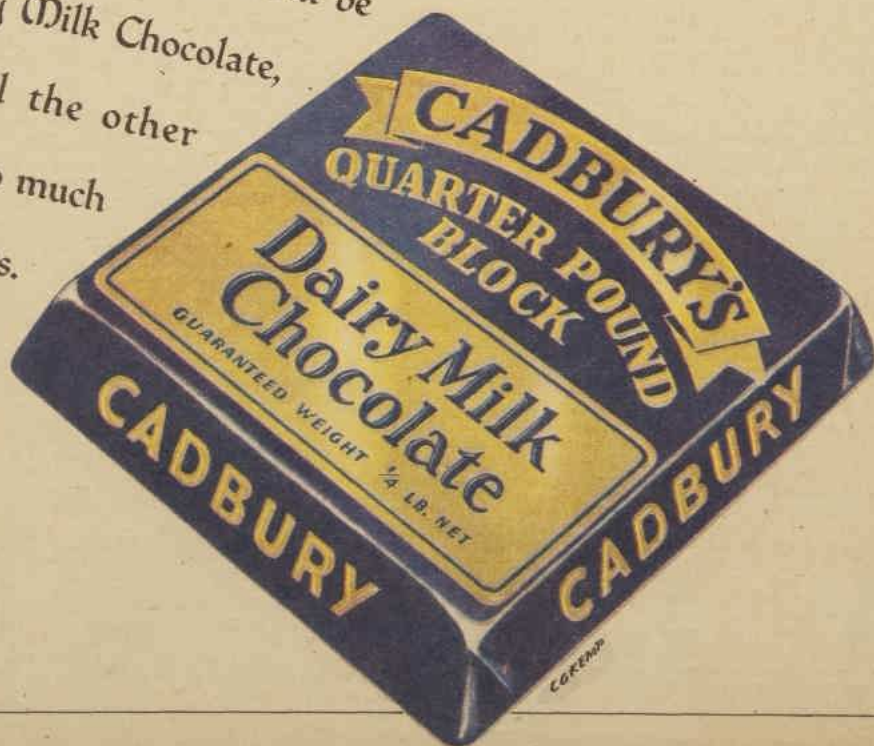
supplies of Energy Chocolate and Dairy Milk Chocolate (except in N.S.W. and S.A., due to transport regulations.)

 The greater part of the output of Cadbury's Chocolate, however, must still

go to the Fighting Services at battle stations where luxuries are few and far between.

 Cadbury's look forward to a future

Christmas when there will be ample supplies of Dairy Milk Chocolate, Energy Chocolate and all the other good things which mean so much to the Season's festivities.



MAD MISSION TO BERLIN

Conclusion of our exciting two-part serial

"Get in!" she cried as John whirled about. "Get in! I'm going with you!"

DARINGLY masquerading as Nazi officers, JOHN FRAZER, of the British Intelligence, with WING-COMMANDER WHITEFELL and SQUADRON-LEADER DIX, flies in a captured Heinkel to the Berlin home of DR. REINHARDT GEIST to seize important propaganda documents.

On arrival, fearing that he has been detected by FRITZ KAUBER, Geist's secretary, Frazer overpowers him and leaves him tied up in the barn. Dr. Geist is out, and ELISA, his beautiful niece, refuses to say where the documents are to be found.

The three Englishmen search for them in vain, then, going to the barn, Frazer finds that Kauber has escaped. As he is returning to the house, a car drives up and Dr. Geist gets out, followed by three Army officers.

Now read on—

JOHAN FRAZER ran on among the trees. His face was as grey as his uniform. He had a brief thought that the officers and Dr. Geist had arrived in answer to a call from Kauber. But he discarded the idea. If it were true, the military men would have entered the house with drawn weapons. They hadn't.

No. Kauber's threat was still to come. At any instant. From now on, John knew, he and Whitefell and Dix must place their faith in speed. And guns. They couldn't waste time hoping wit or artifice would produce the Goebbels notes. Unless they found them within a very short time—a matter of minutes—the entire mission would collapse.

John's nerves quivered as he ran. All life seemed telescoped into the next few minutes.

He was still a hundred feet from the house when a man—the chauffeur—slid out from behind the car's steering wheel. At the sight of him, John stopped, disconcerted. The fellow wore a military uniform, with a revolver holstered at his side.

For a better view of the Heinkel, he started round the front of the

car, but when he reached a point from which he could look into the open door of the house, he checked himself. He was in the full glare of the headlights, and John saw him recoil; heard his low gasp.

The chauffeur's hand snapped to his holster. In the yellow light of the car his face was strained. He lifted the weapon, aimed at the door.

John Frazer cried out in a hoarse voice. He couldn't shoot because trees rose before him like the bars of a cage. His shout, however, forestalled the chauffeur's shot, and the man swung round in alarm. When he saw a figure rushing toward him under the trees, he didn't pause to question. He shifted his aim and fired.

John flung himself behind a tree. He could hear the click of a bullet on a nearby trunk. And the Nazi was poised for another shot, watching for a target.

This time John fired. Twice.

At the second crack the soldier staggered. He lifted both hands to his chest, and floundered sideward against the car and he slithered down, coughing, to lie on his side.

When John Frazer stepped out from among the trees, he picked up the Nazi's gun and stared at the man. There was a dull, cold sensation in his stomach.

"Frazer!" Dix's tense voice roused him. The squadron-leader stood in the door, his hands full of Lugers—three of them taken from the officers' holsters. "Thank heaven," he whispered, "I thought maybe—you'd caught it!"

John followed Dix into the house.

In the drawing-room Whitefell's gun menaced Dr. Geist and the three officers. All of them were pale and added, as if they had walked into a trap. The soldiers were men of high rank. One was saying in anger, "we are here for a conference. If you—"

John cut through his words. He spoke tersely, in English, telling Whitefell that Fritz Kauber had been cut free.

The big man widened his eyes. Dix cried in husky fury, "It's the old 'andy man' must've cut 'im loose!" Under the stress of excitement he reverted to boyhood Cockney. "The old Jerry 'ad just got into the garage when we caught 'im!"

John said in a taut voice, "Kauber will have an army on our necks." "I wish you'd killed the man in the first place!"

Wing-Commander Whitefell refused to let fear confuse him. He spoke choppily: "Dix, you keep these men covered. If they give any sign of trouble, shoot them. Frazer, search that study. I'm going to start the motors."

Whitefell ran out so that the Heinkel might be ready for a swift take-off. Dix, now holding two Lugers, took up a position at the

open window. From there he could watch and listen for signals of danger. And John hurried to forage again in the files. He snatched out a score of sheets at a time, riffling through them as through the pages of a book.

In the drawing-room he could hear Dix doing his utmost to drag information out of Dr. Reinhardt Geist. Clearly the doctor knew why these British fliers were in the house—Whitefell must have told him. He said, with surprising calm: "You have been misinformed. Such Goebbels documents do not exist. It is the first I heard of them."

One of the officers added with contempt: "The whole idea is insane."

Outside, the Heinkel's motors roared into life. They spluttered, then settled down to a steady, powerful drone.

John Frazer went on with his frenzied search until Whitefell returned. He came into the study, breathless. "Anything?"

"No."

Whitefell flung out a choked oath, and went to put additional pressure on Dr. Geist.

It was hardly a minute later that John found the sheaf of letter-copies addressed to Dr. Joseph Goebbels. They covered a wide range of dates. He took it into the drawing-room, thrust it in front of Whitefell.

There was too much to read through in the little time at their disposal. And outside the motors of the Heinkel were dropping their warning that that time was growing shorter. John mentally cursed Kauber—and cursed himself for having made it possible for Kauber to get away.

Whitefell rattled the letter under Dr. Geist's vandyke. "What about this?" he demanded.

Dr. Geist glanced at the paper. "You can make what you like of it," he said. "I can tell you nothing."

"Where are the editorials?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Dr. Geist—" Whitefell seized the doctor's jacket at the chest, twisted it in a powerful hand. "If you don't talk, by heaven, I swear I'll—"

"I have nothing to say."

John went to Whitefell with sudden determination. He said: "Let me have those letters. Have you the key to the wine cellar? I'm going to try the girl."

He left the drawing-room without another glance at the officers or Dr.

Geist. Stairs led down from a small pantry beyond the kitchen; a single bulb illuminated the cellar, diffusing a dim yellow light. With the Luger in one hand, he unlocked the door and looked into a chamber lined with bottles. Elsa Geist stood rigid, facing him. Behind her the servants and the old handy-man regarded him with terror.

"Come out, fraulein. You alone."

John spoke sharply. The girl glanced at the Luger, then slowly obeyed. In the door she paused. Her face was only a few inches from his, and he looked down into her eyes. Grey eyes, clear and unafraid. Even defiant.

"You recognise these, fraulein?"

He thrust the papers into her hand. While she looked at them John locked the door on the servants.

She kept her voice steady.

"Also?"

"Your uncle is

home. In spite of these he insists he wrote no editorials. We have very little time. My friends have warned him that if he doesn't give us the editorials and the Goebbels notes he'll be shot. As a last resort I've come to you. I think you will want to see him live. He will live—if you'll tell me where to find the notes!"

She did not answer at once. In the stillness the drone of the plane seemed louder than ever. At last she said, "Let me see my uncle."

"Come," he said.

He was behind her on the stairs. He remained behind her, holding the Luger, while they crossed the kitchen and went through a hall into the drawing-room. When she saw the

Army officers she faltered. This, it was clear, was something she hadn't anticipated. But apart from being startled she gave them no further attention. She looked straight at Dr. Reinhardt Geist.

And then she spoke—but what she said brought John Frazer a flood of dismay. It bewildered Dix and Whitefell, too. Even the officers. For Elsa Geist spoke in a language none of them could understand.

"Stop that!" John interrupted.

"Speak German!"

She ignored him. It was as if he hadn't spoken at all. She went on in the strange tongue, and Dr. Geist's reply came in the same language.

Then the doctor, using German, turned to John. "Since you have found those papers," he said, "it is stupid for me to deny I have written the editorials. I did. But I no longer have them in the house. Nor the Goebbels memoranda. I have sent them all to Berlin."

John said harshly, "I don't believe it."

"My niece can prove it, if you insist. Upstairs, in my bedroom, there is a small wall safe. In it I have a letter from Goebbels, acknowledging the receipt of the editorials and the notes. If you care to go upstairs with my niece, she will open the safe. You may see the letter for yourself."

John looked at the girl. "All right," he snapped. "Let's go."

As he followed her out of the room he had a torturing sense of disappointment. Was the doctor telling the truth now? Were the notes gone, out of reach? Had the flight been made too late, then?

He was half way up the stairs when he heard the sound that halted him. It tapped the color from his face—the steady roar of planes, many planes. The Heinkel's motors had overwhelmed the sounds until they were quite near. Now they seemed to be circling the house.

He saw Whitefell dash out of the door. The big man stood outside, staring into the skies. His lips parted as if he wanted to cry out in rage. As John watched him, Whitefell lowered his eyes to look narrowly toward the road. And then he gasped—a gasp audible in spite of the planes.

"Dix!" he shouted. "Frazer! Come on! Come on!"

John Frazer shot a wild glance at Elsa Geist. Then he leaped down the stairs. At the bottom he all but collided with Dix. They rushed out together.

Whitefell was already racing toward the Heinkel. John glanced toward the road. The headlights of the car were like spotlights illuminating uniformed figures that rushed across the grounds. They were still some three hundred yards away, and dim, fifty of them, and they carried rifles. They came without formation, like a mob. This was the result of Kauber's escape.

Please turn to page 12

It's Supersifted!

Melo-dee Powder
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Its lovely quality has never been altered. It is still the most delicate and soft powder obtainable—anywhere. The quality of Melo-dee all-purpose Cream, too, is still maintained.

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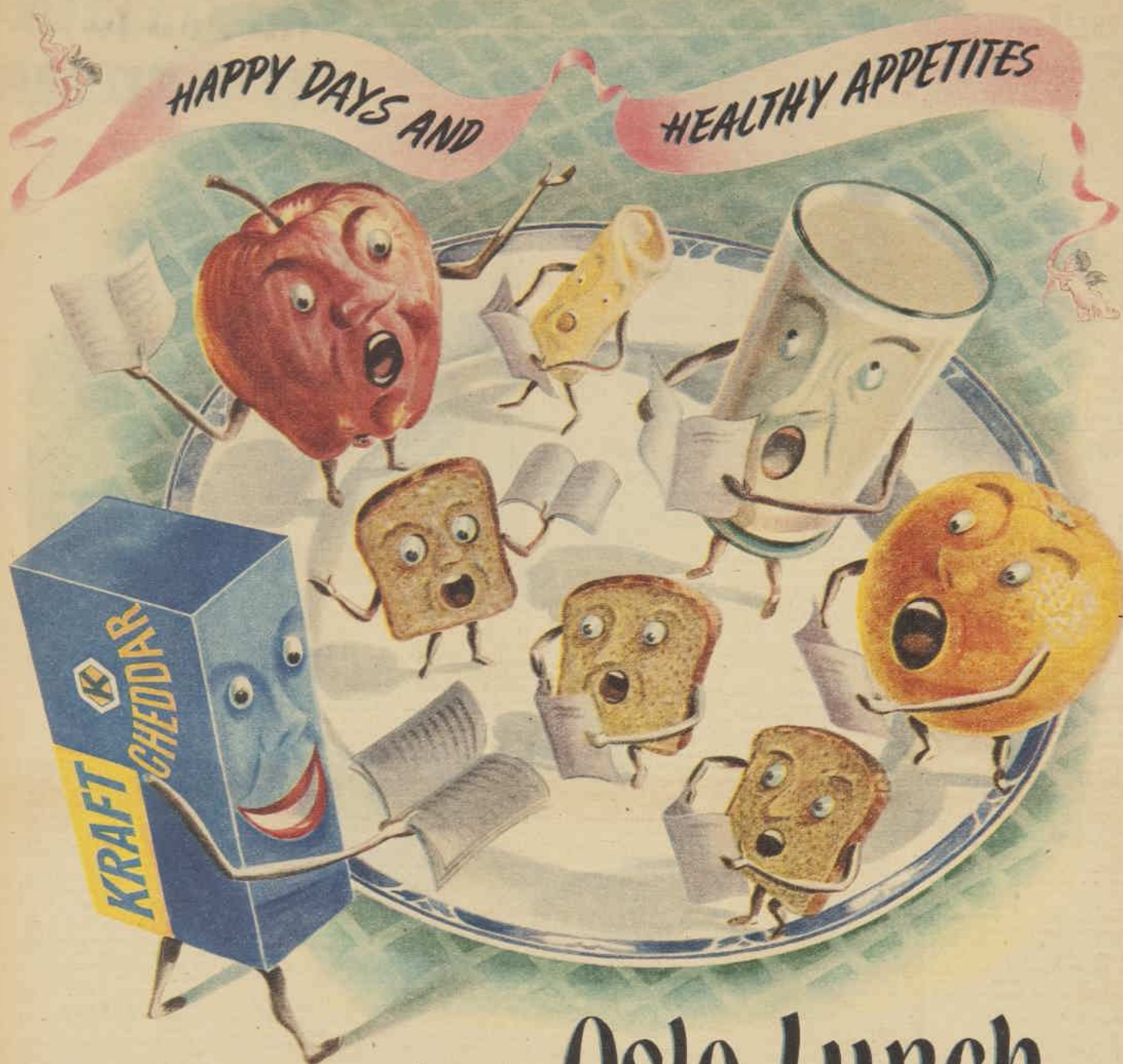
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The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal



This is the Oslo Lunch

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread with 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half-a-pint of milk, an orange or an apple, or a serving of salad ingredients (lettuce, tomato, celery, shredded raw carrot or cabbage).

from the Oslo Lunch

Today, the OSLO LUNCH is quite a personality. You'll see it featured in cafe menus, served in schools, factories, Service messes, and in thousands of homes all over Australia. And the OSLO LUNCH has come to stay... because it has proved itself a delicious and nourishing combination of wholesome, inexpensive foods... because it provides a good daily quota of the "protective" food elements, vitamins and minerals, that youngsters and grown-ups alike need for robust health.

So it's HAPPY DAYS and HEALTHY APPETITES to you

from the Oslo Lunch! And congratulations to Mr. Gardiner of the Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne, who, back in 1940, was the first to experiment with the Oslo Lunch in Australia, and prove how much youngsters gain in health and vitality on this famous health meal.

Congratulations also to the organisers of Oslo Lunch Centres at Camperdown Children's Playground and Darlington School, Sydney—and to Oslo Lunch organisers everywhere, who have given school children the chance to enjoy and "thrive on" the Oslo Lunch during 1944.

3 ways to stretch your Butter Ration

Put these cheese spreads in a screw-top jar, and they will keep for four or five days—longer in a refrigerator.

Cheese Spread

4 oz. shredded Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste. Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick.

Cheese and Bonox Spread

4 oz. shredded Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste; 2 teaspoons Bonox. Stir shredded cheese and milk briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick. Then stir in Bonox.

Cheese and Worcestershire Sauce Spread

4 oz. shredded Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste; 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce. Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick, then stir in Worcestershire Sauce.

This announcement is brought to you by the makers of Kraft Cheese.

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every Mon., Tues. and Wed.
Q'LAND. 4BK-AK-IP at 6.30 p.m.;
4RO at 6.28 p.m.; 4TO at 9.45
a.m.
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Tues., Wed. & Thurs. at 11 a.m.);
2GZ, 2KA, 2WL at 6.12½ p.m.;
2KO at 6.15 p.m.
VIC. 3DB-LK at 6.15 p.m.; 3BO at
7.15 p.m.
S.A. 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 7.00 p.m.
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N.S.W. 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2NZ at
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VIC. 3AW, 3CV, 3HA, 3SH, 3TR
at 8 p.m.
S.A. 5DN-RM at 8 p.m.
W.A. 6PR-TZ at 8 p.m.
TAS. 7LA, 8 p.m.; 7HO, 7.30 p.m.

England's Christmas rich only in goodwill



DOME OF ST. PAUL'S seen through the smoke of London fires, a perfect symbol of the spirit of hope shining through England's materially meagre Christmas this year.

Gifts are few, food is meagre, but there's joy in hope of peace to come

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Christmas, in material things, for Britain's sixth wartime celebration, is meagre—a mere eightpen'orth of meat added to the one-and-tuppenny ration, and an extra half pound each of sugar and margarine.

But, spiritually, Christmas has a stronger and deeper meaning than it has ever had before.

THERE is not much glamor, but there is plenty of tradition to fall back on. And because it is harder this year, there is a more earnest effort to observe the spirit of Christmas.

Britain is, in fact, looking forward to only a "token" Christmas.

It is a promise of things to come. For though there is no luxury and there can be no generous spending there is an easing of restrictions and provision for more generous rations, which will give a glimpse of peacetime.

To a population that has lived on one and twopence worth of meat per week for so long, the fact that there is to be one and twopence worth for Christmas is something of an event. There will be turkeys, however—if you're lucky. The available supply will work out at one gobbler to every seven families.

To make a Christmas cake there is an extra half-pound of sugar for Christmas week—the sugar ration stands at half a pound per week. Eight ounces of margarine will be added to the normal ration of four ounces.

Children are being treated to half a pound of sweets ration, but adults must get by with their normal three-quarters of a pound ration per month.

There will be no extra wines whatever, and stocks this Christmas are really low.

Every hotel is booked out, and few are catering for anyone who is not a resident.

As we search the thinning shops for presents the world comes to the rescue of Britain's children, and Australia's 70,000 toys, America's 200,000, Belgium's five tons, with Russia's consignment of dolls in national costume, will bring a note of gaiety to our austere, subdued celebrations.

The very spirit of self-sacrifice of those who have gone without themselves so that British children might have a happier Christmas more than trebles the value of the gifts.

In England there is something of a racket going on, for though no toy can cost more than 24.5 under Board of Trade regulations, there is not a toy worth more than 4.5 of anybody's money.

It is enough to dishearten even the most avid shopper.

It is as well there is a good spirit abroad, for Christmas shopping is a real heartbreak to most adults.

Pestoons are quite unobtainable, and those hoarded for six Christmases of war are getting a bit tatty-looking.

To the boys in London County Council Schools goes special credit. They have worked throughout the year making toys for nurseries and hospitals out of pieces of bombed-out timber.

Christmas trees in tubs are fairly plentiful, and so is cotton-wool, and

five and a half years of war have made even the unimaginative quite ingenious when it comes to making a treat for children.

Where time and ingenuity both fail, we are turning to our own stores—particularly for presents for the not so very young.

Those with a good library are finding a book or two to pass on. A proud housewife stocked for life with linen is finding she can spare a pair of sheets or a towel for newly marrieds setting up house.

War brides who had never dared to hope for anything as practical as a sharp kitchen knife are finding themselves possessors of Christmas gifts of such solid steel as stocked our grandmothers' kitchens.

In fact, second-hand presents, because they smack of quality, are taking first place in the whole field of present-giving.

Vouchers for permanent waves are popular, and so are vouchers for

beauty treatment and manicures.

There is a big trade in good-looking pre-war remnants of material for cushion covers; and such gifts as colanders, vegetable-graters, and cake-tins, once considered so mundane, are now ideal presents.

Pantomimes, the traditional Christmas treat for thousands of British families, will go on again in spite of difficulties of production.

They will be "renovated pantos," as none have been "built" during the war.

Entertainments for troops in barracks and in village hall will bring together British people and soldiers who stand on their soil in a unity that is the very spirit of Christmas.

From Westminster Abbey, focal point of the Empire, there will be a special Christmas broadcast, which will be heard wherever British troops are stationed.

In the Abbey, Britain and Allied troops will join the famous Westminster Boys' Choir in carol singing, and, renewing the pre-war custom, a twenty-five foot Christmas tree, gift of the King, will stand at the West Door.

The Dean assures me it will be the nearest to a pre-war Christmas the Abbey has had.



ENGLISH CHRISTMAS—in an air-raid shelter. The decorations have been saved from year to year during the war.

In single file, with lanterns held high, nurses will file through the wards of military hospitals singing carols, while a lift with an organ in it will go from floor to floor accompanying the choristers.

The Boomerang Club's Christmas party promises to be a really bumper one this year.

It will be held on December 22 to get the best available talent at the concert which starts in the afternoon, followed by Christmas dinner with turkey for everyone and generous second helpings, plum puddings, fruit salads of Australian fruits, and ice-cream.

There will be dancing downstairs

in the ballroom, and evening dress will be worn by the girls.

As our armies sweep on to final victory, "Peace on earth, goodwill among men"—so tragically extinguished for these last five Christmases—is so much the dominating note that what we are missing in luxury living we are making up in a deepening sense of what Christmas means.

Round the corner are days of peace. Boatloads of soldiers returning for their first leave after four years prestage a world as we once knew it, with all the family round the fireside, and Yuletide not only a symbol of Christian living but of home and family life.

In U.S. there's plenty to buy and money to burn

By cable from JOHN B. DAVIES, of our New York staff

New York is preparing for one of the most lavish and expensive Christmases in its history. Fifth Avenue stores are thronged with free-spending shoppers.

HOTELS are jammed to capacity with Christmas visitors. Theatres are completely booked out for the entire holiday season. Leading night-clubs are reserved solidly for Christmas week and New Year.

Huge glittering Christmas trees have been erected in public squares, railway stations, hotel and apartment house lobbies.

At Grand Central and Pennsylvania railway stations, pipe organs have been installed. They boom out Christmas carols night and day. The mood is partly traceable to

the fact that this is the first wartime Christmas when victory seems assured.

There is a feeling—despite grave official warnings to the contrary—that the time has come to let down the barriers and indulge in celebration. And New Yorkers have never been known to do things by half measures.

Prices for everything are sky high, but stores report record-breaking business, particularly in luxury lines.

A little matter of 20 per cent Federal luxury tax on perfumes, jewellery, and furs seems to have

had no effect whatever on Christmas buying.

A well-known linen shop takes a quarter-page in the "New York Times" to advertise "a dainty lace handkerchief at 250 dollars (\$25)." They also have cheaper hankies for as little as 30 dollars (\$3).

A lustrous imported mink coat is offered "to gladden her heart" for 20,000 dollars (\$20,000).

Fur muffs are back in style this winter, and one store tells husbands they can't go wrong with a silver fox muff at 225 dollars (\$225).

Suits and husbands are urged to give "grand gesture" sized bottle of scent at 60 dollars (\$60).

To male shoppers unable to make up their minds the jewellery shops give a helpful hint. "Diamonds are always safe."

Current advertisements feature a diamond bracelet at 22,500 dollars (\$22,500).

For the "intimate gift," shops suggest newest black lace negligee at prices ranging from 100 to 300 dollars (\$100 to \$300).

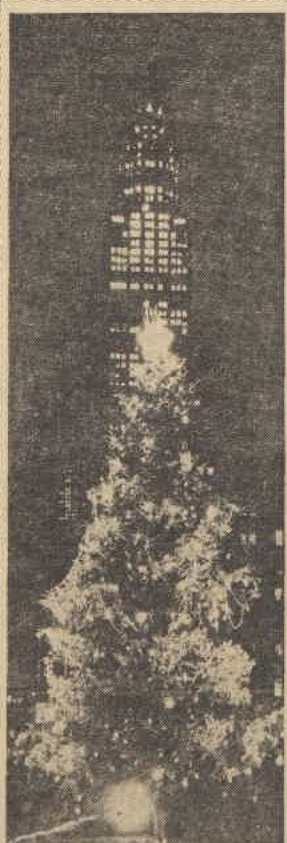
Husbands and sweethearts are not forgotten.

A Fifth Avenue men's shop suggests "for him" an informal camel-hair coat at 525 dollars (\$525) or an all-wool dressing robe at 125 (\$125).

Another shop advertises individual hand-painted ties, "only one of a kind," at 100 dollars (\$100) each.

He might like a cigarette-lighter "for dress or daily use," at 152 dollars (\$152).

Most of these fabulously priced goods have always been available, but this is the first Christmas in my memory when stores have believed the market is big enough to warrant advertising them to the public.



A NEW YORK SQUARE, gay with lighted windows and monster illuminated Christmas tree.



EXPENSIVE gifts being shown in America. From left, black chiffon nightgown at \$16/16/-, ruby necklace at \$2500, and candlesticks at \$200.

Editorial

DECEMBER 29, 1944

MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS

A CABLE in our news pages this week tells how the people of England are putting together their meagre resources to achieve a lively celebration of Christmas.

Each person can buy eight-pennyworth of meat besides his usual allowance of one-and-two-pence-worth weekly.

There will be an extra allowance of half a pound of sugar per person, and children are receiving an extra half-pound of sweets for the month.

These seem painfully small concessions to the Christmas feast.

Yet by means of such austere aids to festivity the British people will probably achieve the Christmas spirit as successfully as anyone in the world.

They will exchange their second-hand presents with as much cheer and satisfaction as well-to-do New Yorkers will exchange \$83 handkerchiefs and \$33 hand-painted ties.

The success of a Christmas celebration does not depend on spectacular gifts and sumptuous food.

It is a matter of providing the little gay flourishes, the bits of traditional ceremonial, that spring from a warm and gladdened heart.

The soldier in a New Guinea jungle, the airman on a lonely island, the nurse up near the front line, can manage to create them with the slenderest of means, even though a nagging homesickness makes the ceremonial bitter-sweet.

Christmas is the time of gathering together in solidarity with the traditions of our fellow-men.

Those people are lucky who can spend it comfortably in the midst of their family and friends.

But the festival can also touch with its graciousness the hungry, the struggling, and those who are lonely in foreign lands.

THEY WON'T GO BACK TO WASHTUB

ELIZABETH HAWES, American writer, believes that after the war you won't be able to keep women down in the home; that women ought to be able to band together, and with the aid of men make themselves a new deal.

Miss Hawes has written a book on the subject, "Why Women Cry; or Wrenches with Wrenches."

It's a lively book with a lot of amusing digressions, including her experiences as the owner of an expensive dress-designing establishment, and as a worker in an aircraft factory.

"Whether or not a woman has a career, surely the vast majority of American women do not believe that woman's place is solely in the home," she says.

"Equally, surely, the vast majority of American women want a home, a husband, and children."

"This book is concerned with ways and means of keeping the home and letting the female as well as the male get away from it from time to time."

There is one notable difference in Miss Hawes' advocacy of greater freedom for women. She doesn't think this double life is to be achieved by servants.

In fact, she says flatly that after this war there won't be many more servants in the old sense, not unless another depression forces them back into the job.

● Last war there was a song that ran: "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Pardee?"

● This war Americans are already concerned with how they're going to keep the women down in the home after they've seen weekly pay envelopes of their own.

"The life of average servants is little better than that of slaves."

"A large part of their wage is accounted for by the bed and board they receive. They are not allowed to leave that bed and board for more than a few hours a week."

"They are definitely not expected to lead lives of their own, but to stick to the old plantation through thick and thin."

"The quicker this debased class of humanity is abolished and replaced by professionals in housekeeping and child care, the better off will be even those families who heretofore have been privileged to hire servants."

"But as most people never had a servant, the major problem is really how to run a home without turning the wife into a servant."

Some of her notions for solving this problem are—

● Houses furnished so that they could be cleaned with hoses, by opening taps, or by turning on blowers or suckers.

● Housing projects in city or country with access to community

—restaurants or hot, cooked food to eat at home.

● Nursery schools, after-school programmes, and lunches at school. To achieve these ends she advocates more women in politics and more women on union committees.

"Over five million American women between the ages of 25 and 35 have gone on record as wishing to have successful careers," says Miss Hawes. "Two-thirds of the group wished to combine the career with marriage."

"Many millions more would be added to this number if women over 35, especially those whose children are now grown, were consulted."

Miss Hawes herself is married with two children. She claims to be able to speak with authority on women and their problems.

For ten years she ran an expensive clothing business for which she did all the designing.

"By the time you have finished designing and seeing to the fitting and making of a dress for any woman, there is practically nothing you don't know about her, mentally and physically," she says.

She admits that during this period of her life she was anything but an average woman, as she had an extremely comfortable apartment, a maid, and three Afghan hounds.

At the beginning of the war she closed the dressmaking business, went to work for the newspaper P.M. She also worked with an organisation to get care for children of working mothers in wartime.

"Through this committee I met and worked with many trade union leaders, male and female."

After that she took a job in the Wright aeronautical war plant. In this factory she decided that more must be done for women who have two jobs, the home and the factory.

Many of the women, like herself, chose the third shift, the one from midnight to eight a.m. They worked out that this way they could divide the daytime between some sleep, the housework, and shopping.

It was a constant fight, she said, to make an adjustment to the rest of the world.

The women, she says, were absent less often than men, but she gives these samples of conversation as indicating the reasons for women's absences:

"When do you do your shopping?"

"Oh, first thing when I get off the bus going home. Then I usually do a little cleaning in the morning."

"When do you sleep?"

"I get a nap before the kids come home for lunch, and before they get back from school. Usually I sleep a little after dinner."

"I only had three hours' sleep yesterday. Thought I'd never get the laundry done."

"I couldn't get to work last night because my husband is sick, and now my kid's got it, too."



MOST AMERICAN HOMES, says Elizabeth Hawes, are back in the 18th century, while the rest of life has moved ahead. Women, she says, will refuse to be tied to their homes after the war.

Miss Hawes asks: "Can people be heroic without knowing it? For no one ever even said, 'We know you're doing two full jobs, you women. We appreciate it. We can't help you. But at least we offer you this service ribbon.'"

"Instead, at a meeting in New York about that time, a woman from the War Manpower Commission reported that the women were leaving our war plants in the Middle West."

"The women have no sense of responsibility," she said."

The author suggests for temporary expedients that women should get together to arrange some co-operative living—arrangements for taking joint care of children, giving the other women some time off; and hot lunches at school and after-school care.

"A good deal of this is being done. The war has forced it on us. It's a small thing, a good thing, but not good enough. For one thing, it's a purely female co-operation, and, as such, cannot get very far."

"We women have got to come out of our houses and engage in local, State, and Federal politics if we are ever to solve our problems..."

"If it's worth organising people so that good aeroplane engines can be produced, surely we can take time to do a little organising to make our homes hit on all cylinders."

Interesting People

LADY ASTOR

... quarter century of service

AFTER 25 years as member of House of Commons, Lady Astor is retiring from Parliament.

First British woman M.P., she met with intense opposition from men members. Recalls that for first two years no one in House even spoke to her. But as a leader in social legislation she has had tremendous effect on English life. Has sponsored family allowances, equal pay, equality of war injury compensation, many educational, hygiene reforms. Devoted to her husband, she is retiring from active political life because of his ill-health.



COMMODORE H. B. CRANE

... R.N. in Australia.

COMMANDING officer of barracks newly established in Australia for members of Royal Navy is Commodore H. B. Crane, R.N., who was captain of Flinders Naval Depot, 1939-40.

Before present appointment he was stationed in Iceland. Returned to Australia recently in Liberator which made record flight of 17½ hours from Colombo to Perth.



SISTER EDITH NEVILLE

... nursed Abyssinian refugees

RECENTLY returned to Australia from nursing work in Abyssinia is Sister Edith Neville, of Brisbane. Went overseas in 1938 to do independent missionary work. Most of time spent in Kenya and Addis Ababa with Abyssinian refugees. For several months before returning to Australia was on staff of Anglo-American Hospital, Cairo. Born in England, she trained at St. Thomas, London. Is former nursing inspector, Brisbane City Council.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



TACLOBAN GIRLS, Conelacion and Eriweris Amarillo, watch American girl, T4 Martha White, of the Wacs, try on a shady hat made by local Filipinos.



FILIPINO FAMILY return to their home after the American occupation, with their water buffalo as transport for their few possessions.

Leyte women go to church through air-raids

Faith in future helped them through hardships of war

By REG HARRIS, war correspondent, who landed in the Philippines with the U.S. Forces

The thing that impressed me more than anything else during the American occupation of Tacloban, capital city of Leyte, was the amazing faith displayed by the Filipinos.

Faith characterises everything they do—faith in their future, faith in the protection of the Almighty.

I entered Tacloban with the early invasion troops, riding in the comparative safety of a buffalo (amphibious tank), because Japanese snipers still made their presence felt along the road from White Beach, one of the landing points.

REGARDLESS of danger from the snipers, Filipino villagers lined the sides of the road, giving enthusiastic signs and shouting "V for Victory" and "God Bless America."

Some of these unfortunate and over-zealous civilians were wounded in the exchange of shots between the snipers and the occupying troops.

They had to share with the soldiers the terrors of indiscriminate bombing from a ruthless enemy, an enemy making the most of his opportunities before the arrival of American land-based aircraft on Leyte. Many civilians lost their lives in these raids.

Commonsense, discretion, and not a little fear demanded that we take shelter in our slit-trenches during these raids, which were particularly heavy about dawn each day.

At the height of these raids the Filipino populace—a very devout Roman Catholic community—would walk along the streets to early morning Mass, regardless of danger.

They were apparently oblivious of the thunderous noise of anti-aircraft fire and falling shrapnel about them.

The middle-aged and elderly women, particularly, were magnificent. They sped along with their characteristic upright carriage and fast gait, prayer-books under the arm and fingering their rosary beads.

These women make a picturesque sight in their long, black, broad-sleeved frocks and high coronets surmounted by drooping mantillas—a headgear which evidences their Spanish lineage.

This lace was imported from Spain. Strangely, the Japanese did not confiscate it.

In one of these pre-dawn raids Asahel Bush (American correspondent) was killed, and two others, Stanley Gunn and John Terry, so seriously injured that they died later.

Australian correspondents Jim Vine and Dennis Dugan spent an hour digging for the bodies of three Filipinos believed to have been buried when a bomb struck their underground shelter.

My part during the aftermath of this raid was to organise ambulances to take the wounded civilians to hospital, and the horribly mutilated dead to the morgue.

Later in the day we would see the Filipino funerals. A four-wheel wooden vehicle on which rested the coffin was drawn to the cemetery by male members of the family.

If it were a child's body, the little

coffin would be carried by four male members, each holding the end of a rope, with the casket hanging down between them.

One of the most pathetic sights was the return of the refugees to their homes. Aged women and small children stumbled along the roadside, carrying burdens on their heads equal in weight to anything borne by the menfolk.

Others pushed and pulled the weirdest collection of wheeled vehicles. Some rode carriages (water buffalo) laden with household junk and hauling heavy loads of gear on sleds behind them.

The girls and young women of this city of 30,000 people are beautiful.

All have coffee-colored skin and unblemished complexion, long, shiny, jet-black hair, pearly, perfectly set teeth, and limbs that would grace any Australian beach.

They are an exceptionally moral people, very fond of home life.

Salons reopen

THEY love dancing, and practically every Filipino is a talented musician, playing the piano or violin. All seem to possess charming voices.

The girls do not speak to strangers in the street. Practically every soldier and war correspondent in Tacloban was guest in a number of private homes there, but always they were invited by the menfolk.

Once introduced, the women of the house did their utmost to make the visit enjoyable. They were always visibly, but coyly, delighted when asked to render a musical item.

Shops had been closed for three



AMERICAN SOLDIER, Cpl. Harry Phillips, talks with Miss Rosaria Zosa, who put on one of the Filipino traditional costumes when her parents invited American soldiers to their home.

years when we entered the city. The Japanese had closed down everything. They wanted to keep the people subjected, to show their superiority.

The vast majority of business houses, still bearing their old signs, and now re-opening, are beauty salons. They are everywhere.

None of these salons impressed me from the outside, but they must have something, judging by the beauty of the women I saw.

They have had no stocks of skin and hair treatment necessities for three years, and it is likely to be some time before they can give more than a massage.

General MacArthur has stipulated that only essential commodities—food, clothing, soap, building material, etc.—will be brought to Leyte from America by the early relief ship convoys.

A number of Filipino girls have gone to Army mess kitchens and begged cochineal essence from the cooks. With this, they paint their lips a bright red.

Unable to get shoes during the Japanese occupation, women turned their hands to making their own wooden sandals.

They now wear extremely attractive wooden sandals, with a thick,

sloping wooden sole and solid heels, artistically decorated with hand carvings of birds, temples, and other designs. These are highly colored, then varnished.

My wife was elated when I returned home with a pair of these sandals for her. The design was a cleverly carved peacock, with plumes colored in blue, red, mauve, gold, and green, with a blue and mauve velvet bow for holding the toes down on the sole.

When invited to the Filipino homes, we were pilled with bottles of Japanese beer, made at the San Miguel brewery, Manila, and sometimes bananas.

The hospitality could not be further extended, as the Filipinos were without food.

The Japanese confiscated all their rice, green vegetables, pigs, and fowls, and even carabao, and sold them back at vastly inflated and almost prohibitive prices.

American soldiers themselves went short of food in the early days of the invasion, because they had given so much of their rations to the Filipinos.

The Army, immediately on occupation, set about feeding these people, but they were so visibly hungry on again tasting good food that one had to give his rations away.

The first man I spoke to in Tacloban looked as though he had stepped from a Hollywood studio. He was dressed in immaculate khaki drill uniform, and his chest was covered with ribbons and medals.

He introduced himself as Jose Brillo, Leyte Provisional Scout Commissioner, and told me proudly that he had hidden this uniform ever since the Japanese occupation.

He had put it on especially to welcome "our liberators." He explained that the medals were Filipino scouting awards.

Mr. Brillo's daughters were wearing pretty American floral print frocks and new high-heeled shoes. "We hid them all from the Japs," he said.

He explained that many of the womenfolk had wrapped their



REG HARRIS, our war correspondent, who was in the U.S. landing at Leyte Island, in the Philippines.

treasured gowns in oil silk and hidden them in the wells, which are a feature of every Filipino dwelling-yard.

Since the release of Tacloban, all water has come from these wells, which are only five feet under the surface.

The city had a modern supply, but the guerrillas have smashed it, so that the Japanese could not have the benefit of it.

In spite of its title of capital city Tacloban is a peculiar mixture. There are not more than 50 European-type near-modern homes.

The rest of the residences, for the most part, are ramshackle, tumble-down, thatched-roof dwellings of the most primitive type, in which are housed huge families.

In the poorer-class homes—by far the most numerous—where there are no pianos or violins, at least one member of the family is the proud owner of a guitar.

The family spend the early part of the hot nights sitting on the hut balcony singing simple, pretty little tunes, in their native tongue.

When interrupted by air-raids, these entertainments are continued as soon as the "all-clear" guns are fired.

Because of the regularity of devastating typhoons, few homes contain glass windows.

As the intense heat demands a maximum of fresh air through the rooms, the house is almost entirely surrounded by sliding panels set in the wall.

The panels, instead of containing glass panes, are set with colored squares of a glasslike substance which proves to be a sea-shell peculiar to the Philippines. These shells do not shatter or splinter, as does glass.

Many of the better homes have showers, but the vast majority of Filipinos on Leyte bathe in their yard from a large, low tin tub, or from pouring buckets of water over each other at the side of a well.

Like all the other war correspondents, I bathed by dousing myself with water from my steel helmet. Our house was equipped with a shower all right, but there was no water supply!

Our Filipino houseboys used to carry our washing water from across the street, where there was a well.

AUSTRALIAN FICTION ISSUE NEXT WEEK

ALL the fiction in our next week's issue is by Australian authors. Serial and short stories reach a high standard of entertainment and literary quality.

Modern and topical in style and settings, their themes range from the drama of nurses' lives in New Guinea and the sea warfare of the South Pacific to humor and light romance in a suburban garden.

Authors of the short stories are M. J. Holt, Russell J. Oakes, Allan Fry, Bertram James, Z. V. Webb, and Joyce Dingwell.

The serial, "Old Sinners Never Die," is a murder mystery from the talented pen of A. E. Martin, author of "Common People."

Since its acceptance by *The Australian Women's Weekly*, this new serial has been published in book form by Simon and Schuster, leading American publishers.

In a review of it, the "New York Times" says: "The author of this remarkable novel has a deft touch in characterization and a genuine talent for plot construction and story-telling. Let us have more of his stories, and soon."

Long live the "Over 45's"

I AM one of the many who, I think, will regret the passing of the "Over 45" era in shops and restaurants.

Shopping presents so many difficulties these days that it is indeed gratifying to meet a pleasant, understanding courtesy instead of a stony stare and a frigid "Can I help you, Madam?"

One doesn't get that awful feeling of humiliation that one should have to ask the demigoddess behind the counter to carry out such a mundane task as cutting off a yard of ribbon.

I do not wish to criticise the efficiency of the younger assistants, rather do I wish to applaud the sympathetic attitude of the older ones.

There are, of course, exceptions in both cases, but I know that many women will join me in saying "Here's luck to the over 45's."

5/- to E. Walker, 69 Styles St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Equal holidays

IN South Australia the public schools have been granted extra summer holidays, making them nearly equal in length to the time granted for colleges.

In all of our newspapers lately have been heated discussions, mostly against the new scheme. Why shouldn't the public school children and teachers get the same holidays in summer as do the colleges? Why shouldn't they have extra time?

The classes number from 60 to 70, and I think that if I had to teach that number at once I would need holidays for six months.

When one passes by a school in the suburbs one hears a man shouting at the top of his voice the whole period—so as to make himself heard to the multitude before him. I can think of nothing more fitting.

5/- to P. Shearer, 51 Gawler Terrace, Walkerville, S.A.

What's on your mind?

High-priced rubbish

IT seems hopeless to impress on the public mind the necessity of refraining from spending their surplus money on luxuries when these so-called luxury goods flood the market.

In almost every shop in the city can be seen useless rubbish at exorbitant prices masquerading under the name of novelty goods, etc.

The enterprising persons who direct their energies along these channels of production are a menace to our war effort, and should be forced, if necessary, to carry out essential work in factories, hospitals, etc.

5/- to Mrs. L. Ferrelle, Eagle Terrace, Auchincloss, Qld.

Sweeping statements

IT is useless to make sweeping statements such as Dame Enid Lyons and Lady Cilento have made, that women do not have babies because they wish to be sophisticated beauties with slim figures.

The present generation of young women are intelligent enough to know that maternity does not spoil their figure or their looks.

Our Parliamentarians would do better to concentrate on building for us an economic security, the lack of which is holding the birth-rate down, not a fear of lost good looks.

Every working-man's wife who is rearing a family knows the utter weariness of continual work, the lack of conveniences and help in the home, of not being able to enjoy her children as she should, of the worry of trying to stretch the 5/- per week into doing the work of £10. Australia is fortunate to have the birth-rate she has while women have to live under the conditions they do.

5/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Urunga, North Coast, N.S.W.

Rabbits for food

ISN'T it time we made greater use of the millions of rabbits that are overrunning the country at the present time? Rabbit flesh is delicious food and very nourishing, but despite the fact that they are a pest one cannot be bought in the city for less than 1/6.

Arrangements should be made to have the rabbits trapped and sent to the towns and cities in large quantities, thus relieving the meat shortage.

Millions could also be canned and sent to the fighting forces as a welcome change from bully-beef and M. and V.

Before the Great War there were



several rabbit-canning factories in Australia putting bunny into two-pound tins. This canned rabbit was a delicious food, and it had a ready sale. Now is the time to turn the rabbit pest into a great asset.

5/- to Mrs. J. Dwyer, 147 Woll St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Picture show nurseries

NURSERIES attached to picture theatres would be a boon to mothers of pre-school children, who have nobody to look after the children when they want to spend an occasional afternoon at the pictures.

They would willingly pay a small charge for this service.

After all, no one can deny that mothers are entitled to a few hours' pleasure, and leaving the children in a nursery would be much better than taking them into the pictures.

5/- to Mrs. Frances Taylor, 37 Greenacre Rd., South Hurstville, N.S.W.

Good deed for Christmas

CHRISTMAS is a time of good feeling toward one another, of greetings, etc., even small present-giving.

Would it not be nice for people in the different suburbs to form themselves into little groups and visit the Old People's Home, with some small gift to make them realise that they are not forgotten.

Many are reduced to this mode of living through no fault of their own, so why not see to it that they have a little comfort at this time of the year?

5/- to Mrs. Gloria Spreggin, 135 Bland St., Haberfield, N.S.W.

Mad Mission to Berlin

Continued from page 7

JOHN and Squadron-Leader Dix rushed toward the Heinkel. Behind them rifles began to crack. Ahead they could see Whitefell leap into the plane. He would be ready to take off the instant they climbed into its door.

As he ran, with sweat breaking from his whole body, John Frazer had a demoralising sense of defeat. Here was the end of their flight, and the end was disaster. Overhead Nazi planes circled like birds of prey, ready to send the Heinkel crashing if it tried to escape. And behind them the rifles cracked louder through the din of motors.

He and Dix were only twenty yards from the plane now. Whitefell, already in the cockpit, looked down at them. He began to race the motors. He was ready to go...

And then Squadron-Leader Dix stumbled. He lifted his head, groaned. He reeled a few steps further, and John seized his arm. But Dix went down with a bullet in his back.

John Frazer's face became grey and congested as he bent over the man. He got his arms under Dix. The door of the plane was only five yards away. He began to pull.

"Go on," Dix gasped. "Go on!"

"No. I'm done for! Go on!" John looked back in the darkness. The nearest of the troops was still a hundred and fifty yards away. He had a few seconds left—if he himself wasn't shot.

"Go on!" Dix pleaded.

With a tremendous heave, John picked him up, staggered with him toward the open door. He heard bullets clang on the fuselage. But he was too tense to be terrified. He reached the door and pushed Dix into the plane as he might have shoved in a heavy bag. The hurricane from the propellers tore at his clothes as he concentrated on getting Dix in.

Then, as he was about to hot himself up, a shock went through him. It wasn't the sting of a bullet, yet—a hand was seizing his arm.

He was too late. With a furious impulse to bash a fist into the face behind him, John whirled about.

He didn't use the fist. In a stupor he looked into the white features of Elsa Geist. Her hair streamed in the wind. She was breathing in gasps.

"Get in!" she cried. "Get in! I'm going with you!"

"What?"

"Pull me up! Quick!"

Her eyes held panic. She was trying desperately to clamber into the door. In the gain of the propellers, her skirt flapped, the wind threatened to blow her away. She clung to John's arm as if she were drowning.

A bullet rang on the door. Inside the plane Whitefell yelled, "Get in! Get in there!"

John Frazer could have shoved the girl away. Instead, he clambered aboard, then grasped her arms and pulled her up. As he flung his weight against the door, he waved to Whitefell.

The plane started with a deafening roar of motors. It launched itself across the lawn, straight toward the onrushing troops. They scattered.

Breathless on the catwalk, John Frazer straddled the figure of Squadron-Leader Dix and looked at Elsa Geist with stunned eyes. He didn't know whether it was the result of wind or emotion, but the girl's face was streaked by tears. When the Heinkel took off, skimming tree tops, he was scarcely aware of it. Intent on Elsa, he asked in a hoarse voice: "Why did you come?"

She said, "We—we can't talk now. There are planes up there. Get to your guns!"

Guns. That was good. It was almost funny. He turned baffled eyes toward the bubble. In a moment the Germans would be raking the Heinkel with their bullets. And John Frazer had never in his life put a hand on a battery of aerial machine-guns. He sank to his knees beside Squadron-Leader Dix. The man lay limp.

HE said urgently: "Dix... Can you hear me? Can you talk?"

Heavy-lidded eyes opened to look at him in pain.

"I'm going to carry you to the bubble," John said. "I'll try to use the guns. You tell me what to do. Can you manage it?"

Agonised lips forced out "C—carry on—"

He caught Dix under the arm-pits.

This time Elsa lifted the man's legs. Together they got him along the catwalk. John, facing the girl in the dim light, was sure of her tears now. She couldn't fight them back, though she bit hard into her lip.

Whitefell, in the cockpit, had to concentrate on darting away from the four vulture-like shadows he saw above. Nevertheless he ventured a swift glance along the catwalk. The presence of the girl bewildered him as much as it did John Frazer. But he couldn't wonder about her now.

When he saw John disappear into the bubble, he understood what was happening. His lips tightened, and he looked upward again.

John squeezed himself into the small steel seat. There was but one thing to help him: during the mock aerial combat over the Geist estate

he had stood here, clinging to the wall, to watch Dix manipulate the guns. He had seen the squadron-leader fire burst after burst. If he could recall the details...

Experimentally he grasped the trigger. The battery of four guns, formidable as it appeared, moved with surprising ease. When he fired, his hands rattled with the vibration of the burst, the feel of it shook his whole body. He looked down for advice into the ghastly face of Squadron-Leader Dix. The wounded man was trying to say something.

Elsa put her ear close to his lips. Then she rose to call into John's ear: "He says—he can't see any more! He says—carry on—"

John stared at Dix in anguish. He wanted to shout a last word, but there was a rattle on the plane, as of hailstones. He jerked up his head. The glass dome, like a miniature observatory, gave him a clear view of the skies. A black shadow had just raced past.

He saw the car-phones and jammed them over his head. When he had adjusted the mouthpiece, he called "Whitefell!"

"Yes. Give it to 'em, Frazer!"

"I'll do what I can. I've never handled—"

"When you shoot, make it no more than a second's burst at a time. Beyond a second, it's waste."

"How do I—"

"Watch it! Here's one!"

John saw it, too. A vulture diving at their tail, Whitefell banked in a sweeping turn, and the German passed within fifty yards. John swung the battery of guns and let a burst go—too late.

But he'd learned something. With the German diving at almost 400 miles per hour, you had to aim ahead of the plane.

Whitefell, darting left and right to confuse the Nazis, yet managed to climb.

"Clouds at six thousand," he said through the phones. "If we can get into them, we may have a chance..."

"What is that girl doing here?"

"I don't know."

"What's she up to?"

"Working over Dix's wound."

"Is he all right?"

"No. He—Here comes another!"

This time he saw the Messerschmitt start its dive. He swung the guns round to aim. His whole body coiled through the seconds of waiting. Whitefell began to bank. The German was close, very close, his black nose shining—

John fired. He and the German gunner must have blazed away simultaneously, for he heard the clatter of bullets sweep the fuselage. A sunburst appeared in the dome over his head. But he saw something else, too—something that electrified him.

Please turn to page 15

NO GIFT PROBLEMS FOR ME THIS YEAR...



I'M GIVING WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES!

No tramping round looking for presents this time—I'll give War Savings Certificates and Stamps or National Savings Stamps. It's the sensible, convenient way to solve the gift problem. But it's more than that. Every penny spent for these presents helps Australia's war effort—brings victory nearer.

MAKE THIS A War Savings Christmas

HERE'S HOW.—Buy War Savings Certificates from any Bank, Savings Bank or Money Order Post Office, sixpenny War Savings Stamps with gift folder, free, from any Post Office, and 3/- National Savings Stamps with free presentation folder from any Savings Bank or Money Order Post Office.

X-3-24

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD times should be enjoyed by many people during this Christmas period, for the stars are generous in their radiations and promise help in the affairs of men.

Sagittarians, Arians, and Leonians should plan to make good during the week. Librans and Aquarians should benefit too.

People born under the signs Capricorn, Taurus, and Virgo will find that a good period begins at the end of the week. They should plan to start new ventures, make changes, and seek advancement.

Scorpions and Pisceans can gain to some degree also.

But Arians, Cancerians, and Librans should live quietly during these same weeks.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A very mixed week. Best gains, promises and changes now. December 23 (forenoon and dusk) fair; balance adverse. December 24 (to noon) fair; otherwise unfavorable.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Improved conditions ahead. Plan for desired goals, promises and changes. December 21 (dawn to noon) fair; December 22 poor; December 23 (to sunset) excellent; December 24 (except forenoon) good.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be cautious & watch things. Loose, oppositions, upsets, enforced changes, discord, and partings possible now, especially on December 21 and 22. December 23 can be adverse.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Speed up urgent matters by hard work on December 21 (dawn to noon); then live very quietly for some weeks, avoiding changes and losses. December 23 adverse (especially to 3 p.m.); December 24 very poor.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Slow down somewhat now. December 22 poor; December 23 may produce fair conditions round sunset. December 24 (to midday) fair. Avoid changes and new projects now.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): A mixed week. Be wise and you can benefit. December 21 poor; December 22 adverse; December 23 (forenoon and near 3 p.m.) poor, sunset good. December 24 (to 10 a.m. and midday) very fair; December 25 (to dusk) very good, evening poor; December 26 (8 a.m. to 10 a.m.) poor; balance good. Plan for progress.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Get important matters in hand by December 22 and then live quietly. December 23 (to 3 p.m.) adverse; then poor; December 24 poor; December 25 (forenoon) poor.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): December 21 (midday) fair; December 22 poor. On December 23 and 24 beware losses, upsets, and disappointments.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Make a determined effort to win success and desired things on December 23 (forenoon and sunset hours only); or December 24 (to 9 a.m. and midday). Then live quietly some weeks.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Some good weeks ahead, so plan wisely and work hard. December 21 (midday) good; afternoon poor; December 22 (to noon) poor; rest of day fair; December 23 (forenoon and late afternoon) excellent; evening poor; December 24 (forenoon) poor; balance good. Seek advancement now.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Desirable opportunities, gains, and changes possible. December 21 (midday) good; December 22 (noon to 3 p.m.) poor, but forenoon and sunset hours good; December 23 (to 9 a.m. and midday) good; December 24 and 25 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Confusion possible. Live quietly on December 21 and early on December 22. December 23 (forenoon and late afternoon) very good; December 24 (forenoon) poor; balance fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. -Editor, A.W.W.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"And just one pair of real silk stockings, please."



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are in Washington, where Mandrake was asked to investigate the disappearance of some people. Also in Washington is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Whose beauty has attracted the attention of

BARON KORD: A mysterious man who showers her with flowers and attention. Mandrake is annoyed and jealous at the baron's interest in Narda, and is furious when she accepts an invitation for both of them to a party. However, Narda persuades Mandrake to accept.

NOW READ ON:



A WEEK'S WASH ON THE LINE BEFORE I CAME TO WORK! RINSO SAVES TIME-WASTING SCRUBBING

THOSE RICHER SUDS JUST FLOAT THE GRIME AWAY. **RINSO** IS THE MODERN WAY TO WASH

RINSO FOR DAZZLING WHITES OR GAY COLOURS. CLOTHES LAST AGES LONGER THAN WHEN WE WASH WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS -

MY WIFE SAYS I'M A WHIZZ AT DISH-WASHING. YOU BET I USE **RINSO'S** LONG-LASTING SUDS TO DISSOLVE THE GREASE

Whites, silks, rayons, woollies — Rinso gets them all sweet and clean — keeps their new look ages longer. It's the suds that do it! Thicker, richer suds. Hard-working suds that whisk away every speck of dirt without hard rubbing. Rinso means a "new order" on washdays. Try it!

Rinso
GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

SAFE FOR ALL

2.149

PHEW! IT'S SWELTERING... WHAT A DAY TO DRAG TO TOWN

The hotter the weather —
THE MORE YOU NEED LIFEBOUY

I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS **LIFEBOUY** SHOWER ALL AFTERNOON. SUCH COOL RELIEF! AND YOU JUST KNOW YOU CAN'T HAVE 'B.O.' WITH **LIFEBOUY**

HOW'S MY SWEET WIFE, TO-NIGHT?

THINKS — SAME AS USUAL DARLING, THANKS TO **LIFEBOUY**

Hot days are "perspir-y" days . . . "B.O." days. There's oceans of cooling relief in a sparkling Lifebuoy shower as well as real protection. Turn on the taps and hop right under! Massage your skin with Lifebuoy's creamy, mild lather. Immediately you feel relaxed, cooler. Your spirits perk up. Your skin feels fresh and there's a lift in your heart. Gone is every trace of "B.O." thanks to Lifebuoy with its famous health element. It gives you a fresh start for the hours ahead.

FROM HEAD TO TOE IT STOPS "B.O."

W. 111.1

A LEVER PRODUCT

Flowers and carpets for rescued men

Survivors from torpedoed ship have warm welcome

Army officials and nursing staff at a Queensland hospital did everything in their power to give a splendid welcome to the Australian prisoners of war who survived the torpedoing of a Japanese ship in September.

Preparations for the reception of these men at the hospital are described by Sgt. H. Davies in a letter to his family at 2 Turner St., Punchbowl, N.S.W. He writes:

"WE were sent to a place just out from Brisbane, which had been made over as a special hospital in preparation for the Australian prisoners of war rescued from the Japanese.

"I have never in all my years in the Army seen the Army try so hard to make a place presentable.

"When we arrived, Army Nursing Sisters and officers and men were flat out waiting, mopping, sweeping and polishing the place until it was as spotless as a first-class hotel.

"Can you, in your wildest imagination, picture Army quartermasters gaily handing out sheets and pillowcases, case on case of fresh fruits, gallons of milk.

"I was going to say carpets, but I suppose the Red Cross and other organisations supplied these. Yes, for humble privates of the Australian Army they laid down carpets.

"They filled the rooms with fresh flowers to match them, too. On each bed was a comfortable parcel containing clearities, sweets, chicks, soap and other toilet gear, even down to after-shave talc.

"Eventually everything calmed down, and the Sisters donned their

scarlet capes, rolled down their sleeves, and awaited the first arrivals.

"While we were waiting a truck pulled up outside, and out poured a crowd of atabrin-tinted Yanks; evidently fresh from up North, we thought, when we saw their closely cropped hair.

"They walked in, and one of them said to a Sister, with a nod, 'How're you doing, Sister! Where do we go?'

"Then we realised that they were Australians. The ones we'd been preparing for. I watched them file past. They were all grinning widely, and obviously very happy to be home again.

"They praised the Yanks' ship, and told us how, in the middle of the night, the sub. crews coming off duty would sneak past their beds, and if anyone was awake ask them what could they do for them. If they were hungry, the Yanks would be back in a shot with chicken grael for them."

Sgt. C. Daniel, in New Guinea, to Miss L. Peddiss, 9 Codell St., Toowoong, Qld.:

"WE went all social in our mess last week, and invited a crowd of Aans and Aamws out for a dance.

"During the week before the dance



NINTH Infantry Battalion's Christmas card, drawn by Pte. Gordon Aldam, and sent to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Aldam, Overend St., Norman Park, Queensland.

SIAMAT SENANG
OSTIRALI



Christmas Greetings



from
SOMEWHERE in the
SOUTH WEST
PACIFIC

CHRISTMAS CARD sent to The Australian Women's Weekly by Gur. Jack Benger, with a unit spending its second Christmas in Dutch New Guinea.

P/O. N. Carroll, R.A.A.F., in England, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Len Carroll, Morphett St., Mt. Barker, S.A.:

"WE have all been having a hectic time. Talk about a second D-Day—that wasn't in the race to what this air-borne force was in Holland, and that is what I have been doing.

"We got shot up for the first time, too. One trip we came back with 93 flak holes in the old kite, and one was big enough to jump through. Luckily, none of us were scratched.

"We had a petrol tank holed, and an engine hit the day after, but again got back safely. We must be a bit too lucky, I think."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2/- For brief extracts 1/- or 5/- is paid.



FELLOW AUSTRALIANS. Cpl. Cotterill, Vic. and Sgt. Rogers, N.S.W., feeding a mascot at an R.A.A.F. camp in Queensland. Sent by Miss N. Neale, care Gibbs, Bright and Co. Sydney.

we were flat out working in all our spare time to prepare.

"To start with, the only floor we had was Mother Earth, so we decided to put in a concrete one, and, by Jove, you ought to have seen us slaving in the hot sun mixing cement.

"You've no idea how shy we were when the girls arrived, and nobody quite seemed to know what he should do. It wasn't long before the barriers built by our long absence from the company of the fairer sex were broken down."

Mad Mission to Berlin

Continued from page 12

"No. Slashed cheek. Bleeding a bit."

John turned burning eyes to Elsa Geist. "The pilot's wounded," he said hoarsely. "There's a first-aid kit under his seat."

Elsa at once turned and vanished along the catwalk. He still couldn't understand why she had come. When he remembered her hostility at the house, all this seemed fantastic.

The change in her was unbelievable. If it weren't for the fact that she was deliberately risking her life in the plane—staking it on the Heinkel's chances of escape—he would have suspected some sort of trickery. But this, he knew, wasn't trickery. This was direct and reckless, and, in a way, revolutionary.

In the ear-phones he heard Whitefell talking to her: "Thanks, yes, it burns like fury. Iodine, isn't it? Give it plenty—if you can stop the blood, I'll be all right."

Then suddenly they plunged into a thick, enveloping blackness.

Outside the bubble John could see nothing—not even rifts. It was as if he'd abruptly gone blind. It was breath-taking, and he sat gaping into it stupidly. A blackness that blotted out everything.

Clouds. Whitefell had made the clouds. In his joy at the realization John all but rose. Clouds meant life, safety, a chance to escape...

Whitefell's voice came, still shaky, yet carrying an undertone of grim triumph. "This is it, Frazer."

"How's the wound?"

"Not too bad. The girl's doing a good job. When we get away from here, talk to her. Find out what she's doing with us. I—I've got to concentrate on this—"

"Can you hold out?"

"Id better—what?" Whitefell paused after the cryptic words, "Stay in the bubble. Never know when we'll run out of these clouds. Can't hope to stay in 'em across Germany, France, and the Channel."

John Frazer pulled himself out of the steel seat, lowered himself to the catwalk.

He felt abnormally rigid and chilled as he drew Dix's body back along the catwalk, out of the way.

When he straightened he saw,

vaguely, that Elsa Geist was reeling toward him, a blur against the glow in the cockpit. She reached him, and they stood very close together. When the plane rocked, they had to grasp at the walls for support.

"I took care of his cut," she said. "It is not bad."

"That's fine. Now tell me—why are you here?"

She hesitated, then said, "Because I want to get out of Germany. I have been praying for a chance to get out of Germany."

It amazed him. After her attitude in her home, it was too much to accept. But before he could speak, she went on: "You see, I am not really German. My mother was English, but I was brought up in Germany. For long now I have been sick of it all—the rule of steel. Sick of living with spies in my home—spies who watch what you say, what you eat, what you read, what you think!"

JOHN couldn't clearly see her face, but he suspected the tears had returned to her eyes. He said in wonder, "But why should there have been spies in your home? Dr. Geist and Goebbels were friends—"

"Friends?" The word quivered with irony. "In Germany we do not trust friends any more. Kauber—Fritz Kauber—was Goebbels' eyes and ears in our house."

The plane swayed. John felt the girl clutch at his uniform.

"But my uncle knew why Kauber was there," she said, almost viciously. "He despised Kauber. He—he despised the whole new order!"

"That's absurd," John snapped. "He's been one of their best propagandists. From the very beginning."

"At the beginning, yes." Her words trembled now. "That is true. At the beginning he was a great Nazi worker. He wanted honor for Germany, and dignity. And so he gave the new regime his pen, his time, his very heart. But he did not expect his country to be turned into the—"

the mad dog of Europe, biting in every direction."

"Yet he continued to work."

"He had to. It was continue or be seized for treason. I—I think he would long ago have rebelled if it wasn't for me. He was never afraid for himself. But he was always afraid that they would take me. After all, I have long—worked with him. I felt as he did, always."

"For somebody who hoped to get away with us," John said, "you were far from friendly—or helpful."

"I couldn't be sure at first that you were English. You didn't speak English, any of you, until you were in the drawing-room with my uncle."

John looked up through the glass of the bubble. The clouds were still thick—an impenetrable black mass to which Whitefell managed to cling. Every minute in them carried the Heinkel four miles nearer to England. By this time the Messerschmitts must be far behind. But there was still Nazi-occupied France to cross.

The plane scooped. Its rise sent Elsa Geist's slim body falling against John's. He caught her, and to support her he held her like that, tight against himself. He could look straight into her eyes.

"So you climbed into the plane to escape from Germany," he said, "knowing we'd probably be shot down."

"It was a risk," she admitted. "I had to take it. My uncle tried, too. We had both planned to go with you when the time came."

John regarded her in bewilderment. "When did you plan such a thing?"

"In the drawing-room. Before all of you. We talked in Greek. He taught me Greek long ago, when he was still a professor at the university." She faltered. "It—it was better to talk in Greek. Those Nazi officers could not understand."

"But your uncle didn't come?"

"He—tried." She had to force the words. Holding the girl, John felt a shiver race through her. He heard it shake her voice. She said: "He ran with me. But—outside the house one of the rifle bullets—"

She had to stop again.

FOR a time they were silent, and John Frazer stood dazed. He felt Elsa rest her forehead against him. She was sobbing. He knew now why he had seen tears in her eyes, and despite their danger he experienced an aching sense of pity for her. He patted her shoulder, awkwardly. He muttered something.

"It smashed his head," Elsa whispered. "He—fell dead—"

He didn't catch what she said. It didn't matter. He stood baffled, still patting her shoulder—wondering what would happen to her in England, if ever they reached England.

Holding her like this, he knew he wasn't going to abandon her when they landed. He couldn't. He didn't want to. There was a thrill in the memory of her loveliness. He wanted to be close to Elsa Geist...

He said, "We're going to have a job when we get to Britain. They'll possibly want to intern you. You see, in spite of your mother—living in Germany, working as you did at first—"

She lifted her head. To his surprise, she answered, "No, I don't think they'll do that. I'll show them that I am not an enemy. I have the Goebbels notes and editorials."

"What?"

"I got them from the bedroom. My uncle wanted me to give them to you."

John Frazer felt a rush of heat to his head. With a convulsive movement he hardened his hold on the girl. He became hoarse, said something that was only a stammer.

"I got them when you ran out of the house," Elsa said. "That was why my uncle and I were so far behind you." She fumbled under her sweater and brought out a packet of papers. "Here, I don't think the English will put me into prison camp for this."

John stared at the packet, incredulous. He was suddenly trembling. With his heart pounding hard, he made her turn. He pulled her along the catwalk toward the cockpit. He had to tell Whitefell about this. In his eyes there was a new glow, a kind of exultant fever.

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LAC JIM KELLY, of East Sydney, N.S.W., unpacks his kitbag on his arrival home. His daughter Fayette has a bottle of perfume, and son Gordon has a German soldier's steel helmet and a German pilot's flying helmet and goggles. Mrs. Kelly (second from left) also admires her presents.



AFTER FOUR YEARS OVERSEAS, Corporal Mervyn Collett helps his sister, Mrs. Lorna Ingham, decorate the Christmas tree, while Dad and Mum look on.



CORPORAL BILL BUTTRISS, of country friends sent him a Christmas card.

COMING HOME WAS THEIR BEST PRESENT



QUEENSLANDER P/O. Harold Barnfield with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Barnfield, inspects the welcome-home supplies in the refrigerator.



NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Sgt. Byron Moore, of Murrumbidgee, Vic., tries to make friends with niece, Jeanette Macklan, in arms of mother, Mrs. Harry Macklan. Sgt. Moore's mother, Mrs. T. Moore, at left.



MEETING small nephew John Sutcliffe for first time, P/O. Jack Newman, of Melbourne, with sisters Mrs. R. Sutcliffe (centre) and Patricia Newman. P/O. Newman married a Canadian girl, Dorothy Solomon.

Six hundred airmen thrilled to be back in Australia in time for the family festivities

Getting home in time for Christmas dinner was the only Christmas present that 600 Australian airmen overseas wanted. And they got it.

The airmen, who make up the largest contingent of airmen to return home, have just arrived in Australia after service in England, the Middle East, and Italy. Others have been training and instructing in Canada. One man had been in England for five years.

THESE men, some with families, some young lads with only their mothers to think of, and others with fiancées, weren't wearing sets of white whiskers and red coats when they arrived, but no bag ever carried by Santa Claus was more tightly crammed with presents than their travel-stained canvas kits.

Many of them have had their last three Christmas Days at desert stations, where two bottles of beer and a dish of bully-beef stew was Christmas dinner, or at fighter and bomber stations in England while the snow was thick on the ground and mistletoe and holly hung round the walls of the airmen's mess.

Others were in Iraq or Italy . . . in fact, all over the world, everywhere but at home.

For as long as six weeks they have been waiting in America for a ship to bring them to Australia.

"Santa Claus must have been on our side," said one of them, LAC Jim Kelly, of East Sydney, N.S.W.

"We finally got the transport, and we've made it."

"Although everyone in America gave us a wonderful time, all we wanted was to get home in time for Christmas, and when a man's been away from his family for the last three or four years it means something," he said.

"Film stars, the lights of Broadway, celebrities and floor shows wouldn't have compensated us for missing out on this Christmas dinner with our families."

"The six weeks went by pretty slowly. We almost felt we could have swum the Pacific."

Most of the kids in the various families couldn't wait till Christmas morning for their presents, and on the first night home the bags were unpacked.

A novel present was a German pilot's helmet and goggles picked up in the desert. This was for Gordon Kelly, 12-year-old schoolboy son of LAC Kelly.

For Fayette, his pretty daughter, only 11 when he left and now 15, he bought perfume. And for Mrs. Kelly a handbag and cosmetic set.

LAC Kelly was on the ground staff at a Coastal Command station during the European invasion.

Bought corset

MRS. JIM BROWN, of Bellevue Hill, thinks her husband, Corporal Brown, should get a medal for buying her one of the presents.

It is a nylon two-way stretch, Corporal Brown bought it in the corsetry department of the fashionable New York store, Saks.

"I had two attempts at buying it," he said, blushing now at the memory of his embarrassment.

"The first store I went to I was accompanied by two of my pals. I walked up to the counter and said in a faint voice 'Have you any two-way stretchers?'"

"When the girl said, 'Yes, girdle or pantie type—that was the end of me.'"

"It was bad enough getting up enough courage to ask for one, but to have to explain what type . . . I backed away hurriedly."

"The next day I decided to have a shot by myself, and went to Saks. I got to the right department. I was the only man in it, but this time I stuck to my job and I got a pair."

"They must have been the right kind, because Mrs. Brown likes them," he said.

Another lovely present was a two-piece bathing costume, the latest thing in a design of flowered chintz treated to give a glazed effect.

The pants of the costume are laced down the sides and can be altered to size.

He brought his mother a dozen skeins of Scotch spun grey wool.

Corporal Brown, who was one of Australia's leading ice-hockey players in peacetime, has been in England for more than three years.

During that time, attached to the ground staff, he has been at Sunderland and night-fighter bases.

He said he thought the British people would have a happier Christmas this year than they have had since the war began.

"Not that there is much to buy, but I am sure they will all enjoy themselves. From what I've seen of the British they have a great knack of making a little go a long way."

Away five years

CORPORAL AND MRS. BROWN will enjoy their Christmas festivities alternately with his mother, Mrs. J. Brown, of Petersham, and Mrs. Brown's mother, Mrs. I. Fraser, of Bellevue Hill.

Flight-Sergeant Ernie Blundell's mother, Mrs. Jessie Blundell, of Paddington, N.S.W., expected her boy home last Christmas.

"I made two Christmas puddings this year, but I really didn't expect that Ernie could be home in time to enjoy them," she said.

"He has been away five years now and we're planning a family Christmas Day," she said.

Her other son, Flight-Sergeant Alfred George Blundell, is still in England.

"But as he is married to an English girl, it will probably be a good many years before we are all together," said Mrs. Blundell.

The two brothers have been on the same Coastal Command station, Ernie Blundell is a member of the permanent Air Force.

He has spent his last five Christmas Days in England.

After Corporal Bill Buttriss had been home for about ten minutes the lounge floor of his flat at Bondi, N.S.W., resembled a haberdashery counter in the good old pre-war days.

There were zippers, cards of press-studs, hooks and eyes, hair-nets, and novel shaped buttons.

"I don't think any wife had a more thoughtful husband than mine," said Mrs. Buttriss.

"There aren't too many men who would think of all these little things which mean so much to a woman and which one just can't buy now."

Corporal Buttriss had also brought his wife a fashion magazine show-

HAPPY COUPLE, P/O. Geoffrey Hamilton, of Albert Park, Vic., was greeted by his pretty young wife when he arrived in Melbourne.



MRS. BLUNDELL admires the hams which her wife is packing away the stockings she made.

HIS DADDY'S LAST GIFT

FLIGHT-SERGEANT ERNIE BLUNDELL has a Christmas present for a little boy whom he has never seen.

He is Graham Ferguson, the 10-year-old son of Flight-Sergeant Ossie Ferguson, R.E.M., who was killed in London on June 30 by a robot bomb.

The present is a model of a Sunderland bomber, beautifully built of oak, and standing on a tall metal stand as if in full flight.

Flight-Sergeant Blundell told the story of how his friend, Flight-Sergeant Ferguson, who formerly lived at Goulburn, N.S.W., came to London on leave.

In the street one night, when the two men were together, a robot bomb landed a stone's throw away, and the blast threw them flat, killing Sergeant Ferguson.

The accident happened on the corner of Drury Lane and Aldwych Street, just near the Aldwych Theatre.

"I knew that Ossie had asked one of his pals, a carpenter at No. 19 Squadron, LAC Bob Bowley, also an Australian, to make this model for his kid, so I have brought it home for him."

the latest trends, and a scarf in Italy of fine-patterned silk.

One of the most attractive gifts is a set of envelopes made of paper patterned in Scotch plaid.

"We're planning a bumper Christmas dinner, as I've been saving up things for ages, although I'm not sure if he would be here. I've even got a tin of asparagus which is pre-war," added Mrs. Blundell.

Family friends in the country sent presents of hams and poultry for the home-coming Christmas celebrations.

General Buttress spent last Christmas in a pre-embarkation camp in Egypt waiting to go to England in order to work at stations in preparation for D-Day.

He said that two most frequent letters to the Anzac Club in New York were Lady Wilkins, wife of the Australian explorer, Sir Hubert, and Miss Kenny.

The wife of a doctor in Edinburgh at whose home 25-year-old Corporal Mervyn Collett had often spent his leave, parted with some of her precious coupons to enable the Australian to buy Christmas presents to bring home to his family.

The presents, which Mervyn's mother, Mrs. W. C. Collett, showed at her home in Leyland Parade, Bournemouth, N.S.W., included stockings, gloves, and cosmetics.

"I had a heck of a time in New York trying to buy the stockings," said Mervyn.

"In the shops there the foot sizes didn't seem to correspond with ours. You have to describe in detail the person for whom you're buying the stockings, and I'm not much good at that."

"He certainly isn't," laughed Mrs. Collett.

When I once told him I was taking Mrs. Phillips a bed-jacket as appreciation of her kindness to me, and asked him for a little



FLIGHT-SERGEANT ERNIE BLUNDELL shows his mother, Mrs. Jessie Blundell, of Puddington, N.S.W., and his sister, Jessie, the model aeroplane which he has brought back from England for the son of a fellow airman killed by a robot bomb. (See panel at left.)

"Anyway, we knew poor Merv would have quite enough luggage to carry without carrying Mum, too," he laughed.

"The neighbors were just as thrilled about Merv's arrival as we were," added Mr. Collett.

"Every few steps up the street I would be greeted with 'On your way to see your son, Pop?'"

"I must have gone to the front gate a hundred times, waiting for them to arrive home from the station," said Mrs. Collett.

"The first morning he was home I went in to him bright and early with tea and toast just to make sure he was really there in his old room."

Biggest thrill for Mrs. Collett is the fact that the "Welcome Home" party being given by neighbors and family for Mervyn coincides with her birthday.

Flying-Officer Ronald Lawless, who is 24 years old, arrived home at Calliope Street, Guildford, N.S.W., laden with Christmas presents, including silks, stockings, and a watch for his brother, Sergeant Lindsay Lawless, A.I.F., now in the Solomons.

Ronald, who has been an instructor in Canada for two and a half years, spent his last Christmas at the home of Miss Gwen Hunt, of Edmonton, a kind-hearted Canadian woman who has thrown open her home to more than 90 young Australian airmen.

"Miss Hunt spared no effort to make Christmas as happy and home-like for us as possible," said Ron, who spent many of his leaves at her home.

"Last year, ten of us stayed there over Christmas and New Year."

"Up until late Christmas Eve we all helped decorate the tree, a gigantic affair, which reached almost to the ceiling with presents, and all the traditional Christmas trimmings on it, including bells which rang every time the tree was touched."

Miss Hunt with a friend of Ron's, Miss Margaret Siesser, plans to come to Australia after the war.

Mrs. Lawless said she hadn't slept or eaten for days before Ron's arrival.

"If only Lindsay were home for Christmas, our happiness would be complete."



MRS. JIM BROWN (N.S.W.) admires an American bathing costume which her husband, Corporal Jim Brown, brought home for her on his return after three years overseas service.



CORPORAL ERIC MUGRIDGE, R.A.A.F., back from England, buys a posy of gardenias for his fiancée, Coralie Denmeade, of Rockdale, N.S.W., for a Christmas week party. Coralie is in the W.A.A.A.F.



FLYING-OFFICER RONALD LAWLESS and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lawless, of Calliope Street, Guildford, N.S.W., celebrate Ron's homecoming after two and a half years in Canada, with bottle of champagne and Christmas cake.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

"KANTSHRINK"

Guaranteed Unshrinkable Wool.

Warm—light—fleece-soft.... made from the world's finest wool by the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of knitted goods.

"VELNIT"

Interlock Cotton.

Morley's new fabric... soft—luxurious—non-irritating—durable... and manufactured from the finest English cotton yarn only.

Available from Leading Stores Everywhere.





AT ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE graduation dance. Twins Audrey and Ruth Peacock are shown Lafferty Cup for athletics, by Cadets V. Brown and J. Wray.



KING'S MEDAL WINNER. Staff-Cadet Austin Chapman receives highest honor of graduating class from the Acting Governor-General, Sir Winston Dugan.



THEIR FIRST PIPS. As a prelude to the Graduation Waltz, partners pin lieutenants' pips on the new officers of the Australian Army.

Graduation Day at Royal Military College

Proud mothers and sweethearts pin pips on 43 new lieutenants

By JOYCE BOWDEN

For some of the mothers who pinned lieutenants' pips on their sons at last week's graduation dance at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, pride was mingled with sadness.

They were realising that their boys are now officers in the Australian Army, and after 14 days' leave will resume training before taking their place in the fighting line.

THE removal of college badges and stripes, last insignia of cadet days, and the pinning up of the pips seemed to me the most picturesque ceremony of Graduation Day.

This pinning-up of the badges of rank takes place just before the "graduation waltz," at one minute after midnight. Only the graduating class take part in this dance.

Many cadets asked their mothers to perform the honors for them. Others appointed sisters, sweethearts, or friends.

It was a stirring moment when the drums began to roll and cadets and their partners lined up down the centre of the hall.

Then to the strains of the waltz "Conchita," the cadets, by then lieutenants, swung their partners into the graduation waltz.

As the dancers whirled faster and faster to the strains of the band, the scene reminded me of the Russian Ballet performance of Lichine's "Graduation Ball"—though it was obvious that some of these dancers had concentrated more on military art than on that of the ballroom.

Canberra residents still reminisce on the days before the war, when, without restrictions on petrol rationing, cadets used to continue the hilarity far into the night.

One Canberra resident told me how he awakened some years ago to find five cadets asleep on his front lawn.

This was the thirty-fourth graduation of cadets in the college's history. Several traditions are observed each year.

One is the presentation by graduating cadets of humorous sketches in which they "get their own back" on their former officers.

Although rather over the heads of the visitors, the humor went down so well with the college staff that the amusement was infectious.

Another tradition is the parade of the skeleton horse and dummy rider. The horse is brought in a minute before midnight to a slow dirgelike strain. A cadet, bearing the number "One" on a fixed bayonet, precedes the horse. The "One" signifies this

is the last minute for cadets at college.

The skeleton is marched round the hall by cadets.

Promptly at midnight it disappears and the number "Zero" is brought in at a mad gallop by cadets. This means their days at college are over, and they are going out into the world.

Mystery surrounds this ceremony. Cadet Austin Chapman gave one explanation that the horse's skeleton is that of "Sandy," the horse ridden by the late General Sir William Throsby Bridges, founder of the college.

Colonel L. Richardson, who is in charge of the administration of the college and is a graduate of the college, denies this, and says the skeleton has a more recent origin.

Military secret

GENERAL GEORGE VASEY, who graduated from the college 29 years ago, has yet another version.

However, as all the stories were told with a twinkle in the eye, one can only assume that it is a close military secret.

At the dance cadets demonstrated the fact that a well-trained soldier is never at a loss when faced with a sudden tactical problem calling for quick action.

Having very little time to prepare the dance floor in the gymnasium after the afternoon graduation ceremony, the boys commandeered supplies of baby powder.

Early guests were greeted with the sight of cadets in their working clothes sprinkling the delicately perfumed powder on the gym floor.

In no time at all, having dashed to their quarters for showers and climbed into their well-pressed uniforms, the cadets re-entered the gym, their faces shining partly with cleanliness from soap and water, but mostly with youthful enthusiasm and excitement.

At their side cadets had their partners for the dance—pretty sub-debs, and debutantes whom they formally introduced to the wife of their Commandant, Mrs. B. Combes, who acted as their hostess, and to



GRADUATION WALTZ, danced just after midnight by the graduation class of the Royal Military College, Duntroon, and their partners. This is a traditional part of the graduation festivities.

the host of the evening, Senior Under-Officer Kenneth Newton, of Melbourne.

As the band, the N.S.W. L. of O. Area Military Band, tuned up and swung into its first number, cadets and their partners in a swirl of color took to the floor.

Color was provided by the feminine guests, as in wartime the cadets are dressed in khaki instead of the peacetime garb of scarlet and blue.

Parents sat on the sidelines, or climbed the stairs to the old-fashioned gallery, and looked down with pride at their sons and daughters whirling round the floor.

Many a father will find his ration-book sadly depleted since the dance, as all the girls wore long party dresses for the occasion.

They were simple frocks without the studied elegance of pre-war days, but the youth of the wearers made the familiar word, "glamor," seem tawdry.

The rain prevented the traditional parade before the afternoon ceremony. Cadets had been practising for months for the occasion, and in a duststorm two days before had marched for hours checking their precision.

The Acting Governor-General (Sir Winston Dugan), who was accompanied by Lady Dugan and the Official Secretary, Captain Braccigirle, presented diplomas and prizes.

The Acting Prime Minister (Mr. Forde) and Mrs. Forde, and guests from foreign legations, attended the afternoon ceremony.

Thirty-three Australians and ten New Zealanders graduated. One cadet, Staff-Cadet Greville, son of Lieut.-Colonel S. J. Greville, could not graduate because he contracted scarlet fever.

The King's Medal was won by Staff-Cadet Austin Chapman, son of Major-General John Chapman, a college graduate, and a grandson of the late Sir Austin Chapman, a Commonwealth Minister.

Austin's parents and his brother, 14-year-old John, who hopes to enter the college, also came from Sydney for the ceremony.

Cadet Chapman invited his mother to pin on his pips at the dance, but she unselfishly passed on the honor to Austin's partner, pretty brunette Terry Odillo Maher.

John accompanied Mary Forde, daughter of the Acting Prime Minister and Mrs. Forde, to the dance.

The coveted Sword of Honor, for exemplary conduct, was won by Senior Under-Officer Kenneth Newton. Kenneth's father, P/Lt. W. E. Newton, R.A.A.F., his mother and sister Norma attended the ceremony and dance.

The Presentation Pistol for the best shot in all small arms courses was won by Corporal Peter Cook. Peter is a grandson of a former Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Cook.

Four graduates were sons of former graduates.

They included Staff-Cadet Austin Chapman, son of Major-General Chapman; Staff-Cadet John Milford,



TRADITIONAL CEREMONY on graduation night. A skeleton horse with dummy rider is brought into the ballroom at midnight.

son of Major-General E. J. Milford, Cadet K. McKenzie, son of Colonel McKenzie; and Cadet Ian Wilton, son of the late Major Wilton.

Four generals, graduates of the college, attended. They were Major-General George Vasey, Major-General John Chapman, Major-General Lloyd, and Major-General L. E. Beavis.



**IT WON'T
BE LONG
NOW!**

You'll soon be swapping that walkie-talkie in the tropics for a portable radio and fun on the beach. That peace-time portable will be no bigger than many a girl's handbag, and it will be clear, sweet, and strong in tone.

This tiny, miracle radio will be made possible by the same small miracle battery that has made the walkie-talkie possible — the Eveready "Mini-Max."



You will carry the Mini-Max-Operated Portable to a picnic with less trouble than you will carry your lunch.

This miracle radio will be as easy to carry as many a girl's handbag.



No more will you be tied down to any one room to listen to your daytime serials. You will be able to take your Mini-Max-Operated Portable with you to any part of the house.



You will enjoy your own sport and enjoy the race results at the same time when the Mini-Max-Operated Portable arrives after the war.



Think of the pleasure of being able to enjoy your radio as you loaf under the trees or take care of the garden.



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
RADIO BATTERIES

WE had a crisis like that when Paula went to London to visit a girl friend and found some wonderful bargains for the house and for all of us. But she had to wire home for money. And that was the time that she broke the date with Bill Warren, who is our Mr. Warren's son.

It was like this: First of all, mother had this wire from Paula requesting five pounds, and she telephoned Mr. Warren, who had gone to a funeral and would not be back that day. So his secretary, who knows all about us, telephoned Bill Warren and told him Paula needed money to get home, and Bill said send it quickly, as he was taking Paula out the next evening.

He told the secretary he would advance the money and she could straighten it out with his father and our money later.

Paula got the money, but she did not come home. She stayed in London for a dance. I believe she sent Bill a wire to that effect, which was the cause of their quarrel.

Well, after that, mother had a very serious conversation with all of us, and this Laurence White was our first crisis for a long time—six or seven weeks.

Deborah came back soon to say that Mr. Warren had flu and could not leave his room, but that Mrs. Warren had been most helpful. She had said that no doubt Bill could give mother the advice she needed.

Whatever Bill thought about that, he came anyway in a little while. Paula wasn't there when he came in. She had gone upstairs to change into dry things when Laurence left.

Mother started explaining everything to Bill, and while she was talking Paula walked into the room.

She had changed into her house coat and put some white flowers in her hair.

"Hello, Bill," she said, and sat down quite politely while mother went on.

"So I said all these terrible things, and there he was in the hall all the time," said mother.

Bill's face had closed up when Paula spoke. As mother paused with Laurence in the hall Bill said: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Marshall, I'm afraid I'm here under a wrong impression. Father thought you had some financial matter to discuss and that I could be of help. But I have nothing to suggest about any strangers Paula may leave in the hall, if you will excuse me, I'll be going."

He got up, and he was really going when Deborah leaned forward.

"Please, Bill. This is a financial problem, and a serious one. Paula has said she is going to be married next Saturday. Whether her plan is ill-advised or not, I believe she is entitled to some money of her own. We want to know how much."

Paula had risen, her eyes angry.

"Yes, Bill, do let me know if I may have a new dress to be married in. Or perhaps you think I might turn and press my old tweed suit. I'm sure your ideas on this matter would be of great help to all of us."

"Paula!" said mother. "I am ashamed of you. I asked Bill to come here as a friend of the family, and your rudeness is quite inexcusable."

Bill Warren remained cool. His eyes were very steady.

"Please don't worry, Mrs. Marshall. Paula's behaviour is of no interest to me. However, I'll try to give my best advice to the family as a whole. When Paula marries, a great strain will be taken off your family budget, Mrs. Marshall. There may be some expense in the process, but thereafter the member of this family who has most consistently wrecked the family budget will be off your hands. So my advice to the family as a whole is not to discourage Paula's marriage, but to encourage it. And I would see to it that she does not change her mind or back out at the last minute. Good evening."

Paula whirled round and stared hard at Bill. "No one could induce me to change my mind about getting married. Nor shall I back out—as you so handsomely put it."

"Splendid," said Bill Warren, and left us.

He closed the front door definitely. Paula just stood where she was. Then mother got up and kissed her.

"Darling, perhaps I don't understand. Perhaps we never understand when it is our own children. But if you are happy, I will be, and we will arrange the nicest small wedding we can in these few days."

Present For Paula

Continued from page 5

And to-morrow we'll go up to London and see how the coupons will stretch for some new clothes. We can buy everything on account."

Paula and I share the same bedroom, and usually before I get my eiderdown over my shoulder I'm asleep. But that night I kept twisting and turning and dragging the sheets this way and that. I did not think Paula was asleep, either, as she lay with a hand clenched outside her eiderdown.

"Paula," I whispered, "what are you thinking about?"

"I hate that man," she said.

"Laurence?"

"Of course not, silly. Bill Warren."

That was all she said.

Next day, we all went by train to London for Paula's special shopping. Mother was being determinedly cheerful; but when we actually got into the shop, and the saleswoman was bringing out suits and dresses, mother really brightened as Paula tried on more and more things.

But altogether Paula didn't seem as excited about her trousseau as I thought she would.

So the shopping came to an end, and we went to our favorite restaurant.

"They're asleep. But what about us?"

Paula was in good spirits then, but she seemed rather quiet on the way home.

I had a worry of my own. I wanted to give Paula a present—just from me. But I didn't know what, and, secondly, I had only ten shillings.

Again, I could not get to sleep with these worries Laurence White had brought upon our family. I knew Paula was awake, too, and I was going to speak to her, when she got out of her bed and went to the window. Then I heard her say something quite distinctly: "I won't back out. You'll see." I did not hear when she finally came to bed, and she had gone off to her job by the time I got up in the morning.

I did not want any breakfast. I just put on my hat and coat and took the bus into town. I had my ten shillings and I intended to buy Paula a present. I went through the gift shop and the whole department store, but there was nothing right I could buy for ten shillings. I went out into the street with no present for Paula. I thought perhaps I should go through the department store again. I walked along the street and turned a corner, and there was Bill Warren.

When he saw me he stopped.

"Why, Kitty, what is the matter?"

That was the first time I realised the tears were running down my face.

"Go ahead and cry if you want to," he said. "Don't stop for me."

"Oh, Bill," I said, "it's Paula. She is getting married and I was looking for a present for her and I couldn't find one."

"Just the old shopping blues, is it? Why don't you try the expensive stores. They sell lots of things that would probably outlast Paula's marriage."

"Bill, why didn't you tell her not to get married?"

"Why should I tell her anything. She will do just as she pleases. Kitty, with or without my blessing."

"I knew then that it was hopeless to think Bill was going to stop Paula's marriage. Saturday would come, and with it Laurence and his enthusiastic mother. I did not feel hungry at all any more. I did not get any sandwich, nor did I look again for Paula's present. I went straight home.

I took a nap, and I must have slept quite a long time, because it was dark when I awoke. Paula was standing by my bed. "It's dinner time dear. Are you awake?"

"I don't want any dinner," I said.

"That is carrying rationing too far, my pet." She put her cool, smooth hand on my head. Then she went away, and I was almost asleep when she came back and put on a light. "Put this under your tongue, and don't chew."

"I'm not ill," I said. But Paula took my temperature. Then I went back to sleep in a fuzzy dream whose edges never came together.

I do not know what time it was when Paula and mother and Doctor Stevens were all in the room and looking at me and talking.

"There's a rash on her arm," said Paula. "I saw it when I took her temperature."

"Of course, I can't be sure as yet, Mrs. Marshall."

"But we'll have to have a nurse," said mother. "Can you send us a nurse for to-night, until we know what this is?"

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Marshall. We are very short of nurses just now."

Always Paula's voice was so much clearer. "We don't need a nurse. I'll take care of her. I've been sleeping in here all the time."

"Oh, Paula," said mother. "Suppose this is measles." They all started to whisper, and I went back to sleep. I did not realise then what I had accomplished.

I felt quite a lot better one morning. Paula was coming in with a bunch of flowers. "What day is it, Paula?" I asked.

"Saturday."

Then I understood. But only partly. "Paula, this was the day you—you and—" I couldn't remember his name then. "You and I are quarantined," said Paula. "You've had a bad attack of measles. Now, do you want to see these flowers? Here's your card. Can you read?"

"Perhaps you found the best present, after all," I read. "Get well now—Bill." I put the card back in the envelope.

"It's a personal message, Paula," I said.

She laughed. "How about some personal barley water?"

"I'd like it." She went towards the door. "Paula," I said, "what about your wedding and your new frock?"

"Everything is cancelled," she said. "I couldn't get married when we were quarantined."

"But when we get out what are you going to do?"

She came back to the bed. "Nothing, darling, just nothing. Isn't it wonderful? You know you gave me some badly needed time, Kitty. I didn't want to go through with it really, but I might have pushed myself to it. You see, there was a little matter of pride involved."

"The flowers were from Bill," I said. "I wish I could thank him. Would you ring him up, Paula?"

"He's been telephoning every day, dear."

"About me?"

"Yes, I've made a daily report."

"And, Paula Marshall, I hope you said you were sorry."

"I did this morning. He's leaving to-day. Now I want to get you some barley water and a vase for the flowers."

That was four weeks ago. I am well again, but have not resumed my class on "What To Do Until the Doctor Comes." Everything else is the same as it was before that Sunday when Laurence came. We never mention Laurence now.

This evening when we were all in our living-room Paula held up the foot of her sock. "How long should this be, Deb?"

"Do you want a standard-size sock or a little longer one?"

"I want it to fit Bill Warren," said Paula.

That is all I know about them up to this moment, but I think it looks more encouraging than it did before I was ill.

(Copyright)

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Worth Reporting

IT'S an idea, anyhow. A well-known Sydney woman isn't letting Christmas presents worry her. When seen last week she was on her way to the Tramways Department Lost Property Office to buy a bundle of lost umbrellas.

"Make wonderful presents," she said. "One simply cannot buy a new umbrella anywhere."

Yearning

AN American Red Cross girl, Lucy Crockett, after 14 months' service in the South Pacific, sent home a shopping list including the following requests:

"Three alphas, size 34, of the most impractical and frivolous type, designed to give the wearer a secret life. If you have worn nothing but a uniform for over a year you will know what I mean."

Bargain

A CHEMICAL, called Metal X, was needed urgently to keep U.S.A. planes fighting. It was known to exist in only a few places, mostly Nazi occupied.

Some was finally run to earth in Toronto, Canada, and some near Melbourne, Australia.

Two boxes of Metal X arrived in the States. The parcel from Canada cost over 1000 dollars to find and another 1000 dollars to get delivery.

With the Australian parcel came this note: "Please send me cheque for 27 dollars 13 cents to cover cost of material, duty, and air-mail postage."

PUBLIC-SPIRITED (?) remark of a landlord of a large suburban block of flats:

"I've got a perfect set of tenants in my flats. I've never had a baby or a dog in the place!"

Lost and found

TWO real-life stories from the Victorian Travelers' Aid Society's 1944 annual report:

"A small college boy separated from his mother on the railway station claimed to be Russian. When spoken to in that language he blushingly confessed he only spoke Italian, but to be more popular with school-mates he had become a Russian."

"There was no clue to the identity or destination of an old lady suffering from loss of memory until, with the knowledge of the vagaries of the old, an official of the society gained permission for a search, which revealed the return half of a ticket in her stocking."

Britain's Pudding

ENGLAND'S Christmas pudding will be very different from that of Australia.

It will be made without currants, as there are none, but the Minister for Food has his own recipe for one, which he promises will be toothsome.

Here it is: Two ounces plain flour, half teaspoon baking powder, half teaspoon grated nutmeg, quarter teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon mixed spice, four ounces suet or fat, three ounces sugar, one pound mixed dried fruit—sultanas and raisins are on their way—four ounces breadcrumbs, one ounce marmalade, two reconstituted dried eggs, quarter pint ale, stout, or milk.

"Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East? Are none of the daughters of England ready for such a work of mercy?"

Florence Nightingale and a staff of 38 nurses were the answer to his message.

"Here you are, Madam, and definitely pre-war."

"Here you are, Madam, and definitely pre-war."

"Here you are, Madam, and definitely pre-war."

"Here you are, Madam, and definitely pre-war."

Two ages for parties

AT 20: Everyone else was a howling success.

But me—I got no attention. Is it my face, or was it my dress. Or things that your friends can't mention?

AT 30: My dear it was frightful, I couldn't shine—

The others' spirits were soaring. Such dreary people; I left at nine—

They were all so terribly boring. —D.D.

Meet Mr. Richards

MARGARET HALSEY'S new book, "Some of my Best Friends are Soldiers," isn't quite as salty as her famous best-seller, "With Malice Toward Some," but it has the Halsey touch.

Here are some of her pen-points on Mr. Richards, a gentleman who was on the governing board of a servicemen's canteen.

"If you can imagine Ivan the Terrible at the moment of discovering he has lost a filling, that gives you an idea of Mr. Richards' customary expression."

"He can be exquisitely mannerly when he wants to, but he never bothers unless he can take it off his income tax."

"Mr. R. has heard that the meek shall inherit the earth, but he figures there are quicker ways to get your hands on it."

And of Mrs. Richards:

"She is a large woman, and her figure is a living monument to the tensile strength of pink brocade."

Friendly

TWENTIETH century version of

Winged Cupid is Obs. F/Lt. Nick Haines, of Rose Bay, N.S.W. With an English pilot, F/Lt. Peter Horsley, Nick Haines has carried many messages from Prince Bernhard and Princess Juliana of Holland to each other.

Prince Bernhard is one of many distinguished passengers they have flown into Europe and other secret destinations. Their passenger list includes Field-Marshal Montgomery, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Marlene Dietrich, Google Withers, Noel Coward, Flanagan and Allen.

They flew Prince Bernhard when he made his dramatic re-entry into Holland, and as a result now know him quite well. Their latest errand of friendship was to take him a parcel of sparkplugs for his car.

A MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) collection of papers includes an envelope addressed to the author's wife, and marked, "Opened by mistake to see what was inside."

Echo

THE Australia-wide call for girls to take up nursing reminds us that William Howard Russell, war correspondent of "The Times," London, sent this message from the Crimean war front:

"The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness; the stench is appalling. For all I can observe, the men die without the least effort being made to save them. . . . The sick appeared to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying. . . ."



"Here you are, Madam, and definitely pre-war."

Horlicks offers you the greatest gift of all



... deep restful sleep

If you haven't been sleeping well lately, then here's a message just for you.

Tonight, you will sleep.

Find time today to buy a tin of Horlicks. Tonight, make yourself a cup of hot Horlicks. Drink it slowly, just before you put out the light. Step into bed, relax, close your eyes and sleep.

Sleep the deep, restful sleep you need so much.

While you sleep, the valuable food elements in Horlicks do their work. Proteins repair worn body tissues... carbohydrates build wonderful new energy. Is it any wonder you wake refreshed?

Horlicks is simple to prepare. Simply add hot water and mix well... and you have a delicious drink.

Get HORLICKS to-day and SLEEP to-night



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Dec. 21 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Googie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Dec. 22: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Googie Reeve in "Songs of Melody."
SATURDAY, Dec. 23: Googie Reeve presents "Radio Competition."
SUNDAY, Dec. 24 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Dec. 25: Googie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, Dec. 26: "What's On the Menu?"

Christmas radio play

A Christmas play, "The Star Still Shines," written by playwright Maxwell Dunn, will be presented by 2GB on Christmas Eve, December 24, at 8 o'clock. Lyndall Barbour will play the leading role.

As it was difficult to find a play suitable for a Christmas broadcast, Maxwell Dunn was commissioned to write one.

"The Star Still Shines" centres on the Dentons, a typical Australian family—Robert Denton and his wife, Helen, handsome Richard, the eldest son, and idealist daughter Thelma, who is 18.

The second son, Peter (or Pip, as the family call him), is a medical student, an introspective young man with pacifist ideas. His ambition is to heal and save life.

John, the youngest in the family, is 11.

The scene is the Dentons' home while they are having their Christmas party. John's Christmas present is a fort and guns.

Then the scene changes, and listeners hear the Dentons ten years later. Again a Christmas party is in progress, but the festivities which mark this party have a deeper significance, for some of the old faces are missing.

Thelma and Richard have both married, but unhappily.

Time has also brought other changes to the family.

Then the scene flashes back to the first Christmas, ten years before, and the occasion is seen in a new light through the revelations of what has become of these people in ten years.

There is an added significance in mother's efforts to dissuade Richard from contemplating marriage, and his laughing rejection of this advice. There is a new significance, too, in Robert Denton's interview with his doctor.

There is irony in Peter's remarks that he hopes to live to an old age and devote all his efforts to saving life, and an indication of future events in young John's interest in the fort and guns given him as a Christmas gift. There's compassion and pathos in Thelma's visionary outlook on the world to come.

The second Christmas attraction, "Star Theatre," will present "The Garricks," starring Arundel Nixon and Brenda Dunnich, on Christmas night, December 25, at 9 o'clock. This play, too, is written by Maxwell Dunn.



MAXWELL DUNN, author of "The Star Still Shines" and "The Garricks."

Fashion Frock Service



"ADA"—Charming frock in cool summer floral

A gay new style for the young and slim is this smart frock fashioned in Delta rayon crepe. It is a cool-textured cloth, featuring pretty floral motifs in shades of cyanine and gold on backgrounds of sky-blue, mid-grey, almond-green, and turquoise.

The matt-finish surface is filled in with green-leaf effect. The style sheen has plunging neckline, with fullness coming from shoulders over bust, a fitting waistband and a full skirt. The sleeves are short and shoulders well extended.

Ready To Wear: 36 and 34-inch bust, 29/11 (12 Coupons); 36, 38 and 40-inch bust, 29/8 (12 Coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34-inch bust, 45/6 (12 Coupons); 36, 38 and 40-inch bust, 47/11 (12 Coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "ADA": In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount, include coupon, and send to Box 3488, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust, and hip measurements. You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "ADA," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

Special Concession Pattern



Available for one month only from date of issue.

Three attractive collars, medium size.

- No. 1—Requires 1 yd., 30in. wide.
- No. 2—Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide.
- No. 3—Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
Box 388A, G.P.O. Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O. Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O. Perth. Box 4068W, G.P.O. Sydney.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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F3318

F270

Fashion PATTERNS

F3353

F2168



F270—Severely plain but very, very smart. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3318—Really charming is this contrast frock. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. light, and 2½ yds. dark, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2168—Long-sleeved floral. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., and 1 yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3353—Smart jumper suit. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2168—Darling frock for young misses 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 2½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Camel stands 10in. high. Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4. Cute duck you can make for little ones. Size, 14in. Requires ½ yd., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Fabric Toys and Lovely Dolly

A limited number of the attractive fabric toys illustrated in our issue of November 4 are still available.

They embrace Rufus the Novelty Dog, Elias the Elephant, Dimple the Duck, Oodles the Lamb, Sammy the Kangaroo, Doc, Harold the Rabbit, Kate the Kitten, Woollie Winkle the Lamb. All stand approximately 10in. high. Patterns with complete directions for making cost 1/4 each. Darning the Doll also available. She is 22in. long. Patterns for body, clothes, and printed face cost 2/11.

PLEASE Note! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state size of child. * Use the numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Needlework Notions No. 548—BABY'S LAYETTE

Here you see a most charming layette for baby, which comes to you all in readiness to cut out and sew at home.

This five-piece layette consisting of frock, petticoat, bonnet, and two bibs is available in white rayon crepe-tulle. It's a good material for infant's wear, and is washable.

Each piece is also stamped with a dainty embroidery motif for working. Prices, individually: Frock, 11/8 (4 Coupons), postage 4½d.; Bib, 6/11 (1 Coupon), postage 4½d.; Bonnet, 3/11 (2 Coupons), postage 3½d.; Bibs, 2/1, 3/6 (1 Coupon), postage 3½d. Set complete, £2/2/8 (10 Coupons). Postage, 10½d. extra. When ordering, please ask for No. 548.



Film Reviews

★★★ THE LAMP STILL BURNS

THE late Leslie Howard, producer of this outstanding English drama, has left in this film, a fitting monument to his greatness. Howard's sure touch and uncanny precision completely dominate every scene. Maurice Elvey's excellent direction and some superb acting from a first-class cast make this an important and entertaining tribute to the nursing profession.

This is not a film for the chicken-hearted, for it is stark, almost documentary, in detail, realistically bringing to the screen every phase of hospital life. Against this background there is an appealing and richly human love story.

As a high-spirited, rebellious nurse, Rosamund John, a comparative newcomer, gives one of the finest performances of any English film. She is sensitive, restrained, and wholly without affectation. Miss John has plenty of competition with such fine players as Godfrey Tearle, John Laurie, and Cathleen Nesbitt, but her performance shines with a gem-like brilliance.

Stewart Granger is competent and likeable as the young factory owner who supplies the romance. Disappointment of the film is Australian Margaret Vyner, who is badly photographed.—Embassy; showing.

★★ MARINE RAIDERS

RKO have turned out a neat tribute to the U.S. Marine Corps with this swiftly paced drama that blends some interesting shots of the Marines, training and in action, and an appealing romance.

There is much in this film that is



TO CELEBRATE VAN JOHNSON'S BIRTHDAY, the cast of MGM's "Dr. Red Adams," in which he has the title role, gave him an impromptu party between scenes. Helping Van to blow out the candles are (left to right) Carey Wilson, executive producer, Gloria De Haven, Van, Marilyn Maxwell, and director Willis Goldbeck.

not new, but fine photography, a compact script, and a well-selected cast are good compensations.

As the tough Marine major, Pat O'Brien is seen in one of his routine roles, and is effective enough. However, apart from the smoothly handled action sequences, the main interest in the film centres on the sincere romance of the Marine captain (Robert Ryan) and Ruth Hussey. As you might have suspected, O'Brien's blustering and high-handed behaviour almost ruins the romance, but a reunion in Australia is popped in to keep the audience happy.—Civic; showing.

THE PEARL OF DEATH

UNIVERSAL are rapidly running out of inspiration for their Sherlock Holmes series, as this depressing little number illustrates, or perhaps they have just got tired of it all.

The familiar characters—Basil

Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Evelyn Ankers—also wander through their roles in a dispirited fashion, as if they, too, are fed up with the whole business.

This time the story revolves round the theft of a fabulously valuable pearl, and its eventual recovery. In between times, half the cast is overtaken by sudden and gruesome death.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

JIM

had been gone more than three years when she met Ray. He was a science research worker, and had not even the glamor of a uniform.

He was not famous or good-looking, or distinguished, but Marjorie liked him immediately, and he liked her. He began to drop in at their place on the nights when Marjorie was not working, to the emphatically expressed delight of Tom, who reckoned it was not natural for a girl of Marjorie's age to take no interest in men.

"Or of any age, for that matter," he added. "It isn't as if you had a soldier to be faithful to."

It was quite a long time before Marjorie realised that she was in danger of letting her soldier down. It was when she began to be really critical of Jim's letters. She had been receiving them for months without a flutter, but now she actually found herself reading them without interest. There was nothing in them.

When they had news that Jim was actually in Australia, she was shocked to realise that her strongest feeling was dismay.

Everybody was excited. Even Carol, who was married to an American, and meant to live in Melbourne, put off her departure to be present at the welcome home. A surprising number of Jim's old friends were still available, or said they would make a point of being available when Jim arrived.

Marjorie couldn't help being excited and glad, but she began to have frightful qualms.

She was too busy to think about it as much as she wanted to, but she did perceive that Ray was reading the obvious meaning into her absent-mindedness, and was showing a tendency to withdraw. Marjorie began to feel panic. She had heard, during the past years, biting comments on girls who let their fighting men down, and she had never questioned the justice of strict judgment on them. It was incredible that she herself should be a mark for the same criticism.

She was just home from work when the telephone rang, and she knew from the tone of Tom's voice when he answered it that Jim was speaking. For a while the conversation was hard to follow, being, on Tom's side at least, almost inarticulate. Then it began to calm down.

"All well, of course," said Tom. "The kid? Just here at my side. Not changed a bit. Of course not. Still the same old sober-sided. Marjorie, come and talk to Jim. Here she is."

She took the receiver in a cold hand. A familiar voice—amazingly familiar. It could have been heard only yesterday instead of four years ago—said, "Hello, Marjorie." She answered, "Hello, Jim dear," and her voice trembled. She was terribly fond of him—the sound of

Simple celebrations for film stars

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Like people the world over, Hollywood stars will celebrate another wartime Christmas with family reunions and simple home festivals. Many are on overseas tours and many others are planning to visit hospitals in America.

GREER GARSON expects her husband, Lieutenant Richard Ney, of the U.S. Navy, home on leave, and the pair will spend the day with Mrs. Nina Garson, Greer's mother. The Neys were parted last Christmas, when Richard was on active duty in the South Pacific.

Juan Blondell has an exciting plan to entertain twenty orphans at her home. "My two children are pop-eyed with excitement over the scheme," said Joan.

Singing star Ginny Simms will spend her Christmas holidays with her mother and father on her 63-acre farm. Her parents have already given Ginny their Christmas gift. It is a big, red tractor, and Ginny knows how to run it, too.

For their first Christmas as a married couple, Paulette Goddard and Captain Burgess Meredith will go to their Connecticut home for a

traditional white Christmas; that is, if they can both finish their film commitments in time.

Lucille Ball is planning a huge dinner at her ranch for more than a score of convalescent veterans from a U.S. Army hospital near Hollywood. There will be no shortage of supplies either, for turkeys, butter, cream, and vegetables will all be products of the farm, which Lucille runs on a really business-like basis.

Hedy Lamarr and husband, John Loder, will spend Christmas Eve at the Hollywood Canteen, for it was there they met on Christmas Eve, 1942—so they will be celebrating an important anniversary as well as Christmas.

One actor who will be far afield over the festive season is Richard Whorf, who will spend Christmas in Moscow with an American Entertainment Unit to present a series of plays. Prior to that engagement he will open "Blithe Spirit" and "Angel Street" in Rome.

Continuing . . . Darling

from page 3

his voice reminded her vividly of that.

He said, "How are you?" in just the same old ridiculous constrained way. Marjorie found that her eyes were swimming with tears. A not unsympathetic voice said coolly, "Want another three minutes?" and Jim broke in, as if glad to be spared further conversation. "My time's up, Marjorie. Seeing you."

He walked in just after tea two nights later. Marjorie had spent two days of misery and despair, because she had realised that, although she was not in love with Jim, she was too fond of him to dream of making him unhappy. It would be too unfair to let him down now. But the nagging thought persisted that she was letting him down, anyway. And what about Ray?

She had sat through the meal, eating nothing, and patiently listening while everyone ascribed her lack of appetite to excitement. Then firm steps came along the verandah, and Jim called out, "Hello, there!"

Next moment he was in the room. He shook hands lengthily with Tom, hugged their mother, then turned to her. Marjorie's head swam. Then she was having the breath hugged out of her. It was the most natural thing in the world to put her arms round his neck and hug him in return.

Jim and Tom talked rapidly for a long time—that is, Tom did. Jim, however, contributed more than his usual share. Tom said he was under promise to let everybody know, and Jim could expect everybody to come over as soon as they heard. Marjorie volunteered to do the telephoning, for she was glad to have something to do.

"Everybody," hearing the news, confirmed Tom as a prophet by announcing that they would be right over, and Marjorie flew off to help her mother prepare for a crowd. It was absolutely necessary to have something to do.

The Sandhursts were working back, and couldn't come till late, so the celebration was in full swing before Marjorie heard their roadster pull up, somewhat awkwardly, near the gate, and went out to meet them. Beryl and Olive were coming in the gate, and Beryl ran forward and hugged Marjorie ecstatically.

"Isn't it perfectly gorgeous?" she cried. And then, in Marjorie's ear, "Keep an eye on Olive for a minute, Marjorie."

She ran up the steps and into the house.

Marjorie, without being prepared for anything of the sort, found herself with Olive in her arms—and Olive, shaking like the original leaf, could hardly speak.

"Oh, Marjorie!" she said, unsteadily.

"Well, it isn't a calamity," said Marjorie, with surprise.

Olive laughed a little.

"Oh, Marjorie," she said, "Will he

be changed, do you think? He won't be. He said he wouldn't. I mean, he said he'd tell me if he did."

Marjorie's head began to reel. What did this mean?

Olive continued to cling to her and tremble.

"He thought I was too young. He promised Dad he wouldn't say anything to me. Wasn't it silly?"

"It certainly was," said Marjorie. "I said I was crazy about him," said Olive. "So I was. He said I might change my mind. He said I could change my mind if I wanted to. I was perfectly free. He wouldn't let me promise anything—said we were just to be friends. Then he went away, Marjorie, but—last thing, he came back, and he said I could promise him one thing."

"Yes?"

"He said I was to promise him that if I ever did change, I was to let him know. He said I was to promise him that solemnly. He—"

"And did you?" asked Marjorie.

She was considerably interested, in the midst of her bewilderment.

Olive stiffened in mute protest. She had no time to become vocal. From the verandah steps a voice, which Marjorie easily recognised, said "Darling!" Marjorie jumped as if she had been shot. It came right over a space of four years, bringing everything vividly back to her. The Prentices' verandah—

Jim took Olive out of her arms, hardly noticing her. Marjorie fell immediately back into the shadow, but Jim and Olive, in each other's arms, would not have noticed if the whole world had been present.

"Well!" said Marjorie, voicelessly, to herself. The rocking world was steady, and things were coming into focus. Jim's voice saying "Darling!" had explained everything. She remembered herself standing in the darkness, and Olive coming past her and going down into the garden—herself and Olive dressed just alike in the Cuban costumes they had worn for the last chorus, identical flowers in their hair.

She and Olive were the same height and build. Jim had taken her for Olive. Then, as now, he had completely forgotten the existence of Marjorie, and the encounter had been too brief to show him his mistake.

"Well!" said Marjorie, again, this time out loud. She moved away, her knees trembling.

Then she gave a gasp. What was she doing, anyway, wasting time here? She flew to the telephone, and dialled a number. An eager voice answered her.

"Ray!" said Marjorie, "where on earth have you been all this time? You simply must come over—"

(Copyright)

HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY

The Macquarie Play
"The Star Still Shines" 8 p.m.
Christmas Play
Drama—Starring LYNDAL BARBOUR

MONDAY

Star Theatre
"THE GARRICKS" 9 p.m.
A Story of the Theatre
with Armand Kinn and Brenda Donnelly

TUESDAY

"FIRST LIGHT FRASER" 7.15 p.m.
Listen to his daring escapades.
Mon. to Thurs.

WEDNESDAY

"THE VAGABONDS" 12 noon
A story of the Struggling Players.
Mon. to Thurs.

THURSDAY

"JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF SORROW" 12.15 p.m.
A great romance dramatically told.
Mon. to Thurs.

FRIDAY

"ACHIEVEMENT" 9.15 p.m.
Famous accomplishments by famous men.

SATURDAY

"PRISONER AT THE BAR" 9 p.m.
Famous court trials re-enacted.

KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK



Hollywood Christmas



By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

THE hectic Christmas parties of pre-war Hollywood are now an almost forgotten legend.

The only big parties planned in the film colony this year will be those arranged by the stars for servicemen on leave, and for the rest quiet family dinner parties will be given to celebrate the festive season.

One of the busiest stars in Hollywood at present, Bette Davis, tireless president of the Hollywood Canteen, has arrangements well in hand for a huge party, and is even planning the elaborate dinner menus herself.

Basil Rathbone and his wife,

whose formal parties are famous in Hollywood, are inviting fifty servicemen to a buffet luncheon at their lovely home.

Joan Leslie, who lives with her parents in San Fernando Valley, is giving a dance at her home. Servicemen on leave will be her guests, and Joan has asked twenty attractive young starlets to come along as hostesses.

Universal's youthful singing star, Susanna Foster, is also arranging an entertainment for the servicemen. Assisted by her two younger sisters, Vicki and Kathleen (both of whom are blonde and pretty), Susanna has already started on arrangements for a huge barbecue.



● Ginger Rogers, Paramount star, has a novel Christmas tree decorated with miniature flags of all the Allied nations.



● Mary Martin takes time off from Paramount to masquerade as an attractive and very modern version of Santa Claus.

● Joan Leslie, young Warners star, is planning a patriotic Christmas this year. Gift wrappings and Christmas tree will be in striking red, white, and blue design.

Movie World

TREAT SUNBURN AS A BURN

Every surfer, every swimmer—every person who lives, works, or plays exposed to the sun, knows that he cannot give his best or enjoy himself to the utmost... and still escape **SUNBURN**. None of us can afford to risk sunburn, which is so easy to catch during the summer months. The wisest people always have **Flexibar** on hand, and use it frequently because it helps soothe and cool the burn—it relieves the pain—and heals skin breakages. **Flexibar** also helps to prevent sunburn. For skin injuries, cuts, bites, and scratches use soothing antiseptic **Flexibar**—it's the new, reliable antiseptic healer.

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Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 315 Pitt Street, Melbourne. For generous **FREE SAMPLE**, write to "Flexibar," 375 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple **Midene** tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 7/- box. Sufficient for several months.

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Drama of the war in China...



1 **OWNERS** of biggest farm in valley, Ling Tan (Walter Huston) and his wife (Aline MacMahon) live peacefully with their three sons and two daughters-in-law.

2 **THEN THE JAPS COME** and bomb their village and their fields, and, unable to understand this new horror, many of the farmers flee before the enemy.



3 **LING'S son**, Lao Er (Turhan Bey), and his wife, Jade (Katharine Hepburn), join the march to the hills.



5 **WEALTHY merchant**, Wu Lien (Akim Tamiroff), collaborates with Japs and betrays his fellow citizens.



6 **HEARING** of Wu Lien's conspiracy, Jade decides to poison him and Jap officials at big banquet.

4 **RETURNING** home, Lao Er incites farmers to actively resist the enemy.

***** DRAGON SEED

MGM's film of modern, war-torn China was adapted from Pearl Buck's best-seller. Purchased early in 1942, from galley proofs, this film took two years of intensive preparation. The entire resources of the studio have been directed toward the production of this dynamic story of one Allied nation that has been up in the firing-line against oppression for years.

Two hundred acres were converted into typical Chinese countryside, with fields, villages, and rice ponds.



7 **THE OLD PEOPLE** of China scorch the earth, and Jade and Lao Er go off to help organise an army.

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So cool in frosty white

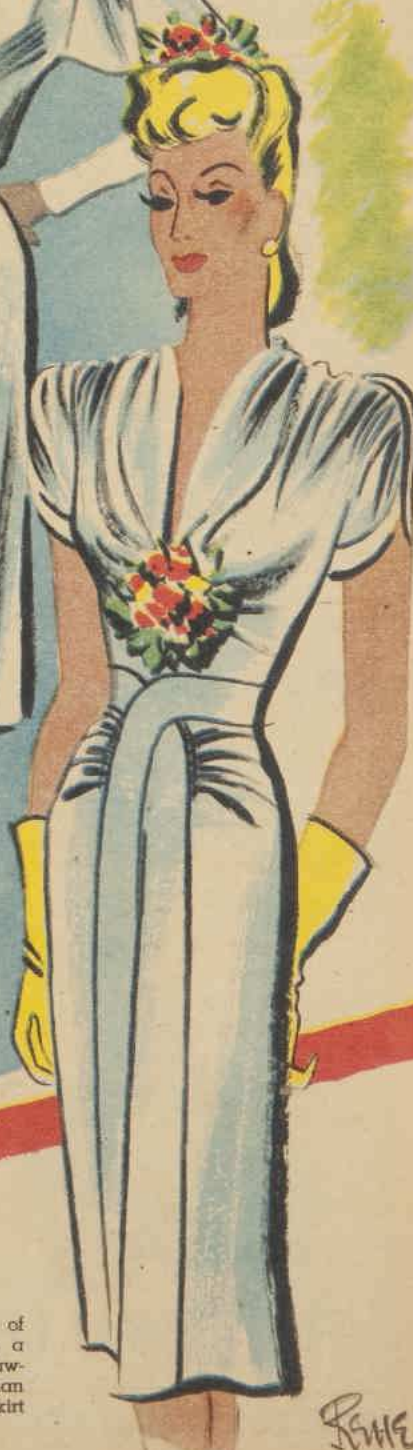
● For summer parties you will look lovely in a superbly draped frock of white jersey or sheer, with a posy of pastel flowers marking the deep V neckline. Instead of a hat, wear another clump of the same flowers.



● Impeccable, icy-white shark-skin for a suit that is trimly tailored to the last seam. This season it is especially smart to spice an all-white ensemble with hectic accessories.



● A sophisticated frock of chalk-white crepe featuring a loose-fitting bodice with drawstring neckline and dolman sleeves. A pencil-slim skirt makes smart contrast.



RENE

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HOME... may be best place

• Travel difficulties, crowded seaside accommodation, and lack of staffs at many boarding-houses make holidays away from home this year a doubtful pleasure. Try giving yourself and the children a really pleasant stay-at-home vacation.

By MEDICO

"I WISH I knew what to do about the holidays," said Mrs. Askell. "The school breaks up in a fortnight, I can't get a house or rooms at the seaside, and the trains are so crowded I couldn't get there if I had. How am I to give the children the benefits of a holiday this year, doctor?"

"Well, let's fix our minds on what health benefit we expect from a holiday," I replied. "Apart from a change of scene and occupation, we expect to return from a holiday better in health than when we started."

"That means freedom from illness and accident, good food, fresh air and sunshine, and a rest from work for you."

"The food situation in Australia to-day is going to make it difficult to get palatable foods like milk, meat, fruit, and vegetables in temporarily crowded seaside or mountain resorts. The housing shortage means that good living conditions will be hard to get. Even if you did get a house, it would tend to have few of the comforts like a bathroom, refrigerator, or good cooking facilities."

"Boarding-houses would be short staffed, which means that hygiene and cleanliness would be below standard. Trains will be crowded, and taxis at each end for the luggage would not be available."

"Yes, I can see that it would be no holiday for me," she replied.

"And you are the one who most needs a holiday. You have had to do more than your fair share all the year. All your work has been more difficult with rationing, shopping, food shortages, no help in the house, and your husband in the Services."



CHRISTMAS IS THEIR DAY. Now that lavish decorations and gorgeous wrappings cannot be bought, it is more than ever mother's job to use her ingenuity in making the Christmas table and tree festive. It is the children's big day, and they will appreciate any extra exciting touches. Vivid natural flowers and greenery make perfect decorations, and old ribbons washed and ironed up can be very effective among shiny leaves.

"What chance have I got of having a holiday?"

"What about a holiday at home? Most people go for a holiday because they have so few resources of self-entertainment, and because they have not been educated in the proper use of their leisure time."

"Home, this Christmas, is going to be the most healthy place for a holiday. You will have your own blankets, a bathroom to yourself, your own garden and a good water supply, fresh milk and fruit which although not cheap are less expensive than they would be at an overcrowded seaside town."

"But what will I do with the children?"

"Your daughter is twelve; some day she will be wanting a home of her own, and it's not too early for her to start to learn to keep house. It can be fun for her, if you approach it in the right way. Ask her to get the breakfast now and again, and to bring you yours on a tray in bed."

"She'll burn the porridge, and spill the coffee, but it will be good experience for her. You can hope that she'll ask you what to do next time so that it won't burn. She'll have to start learning from her mistakes some day. Get her interested in altering some of her frocks, or designing a new one. Get her a book on dress designing."

"Send the children shopping with three shillings, and see who can get the best food value for the money."

"Is your boy interested in poultry or vegetable gardening? Can you buy some old timber for a chicken run, or is there a corner of the garden he can dig up? Take him shopping to buy him a new book on his favorite hobby. Have a few picnic meals on the lawn, and grill the chops over a charcoal fire in a corner of the garden on a sunny evening."

"Let the children put on their bathing togs and hose each other on the lawn."

HAR BUTT'S
'Plasticine'
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Special needs of the problem child

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MANY complaints are heard these days of children being difficult, hard to manage, and disobedient.

Several factors in present-day life are responsible for these problem children. Many families are separated, with the father on active service and the mother in some cases doing a full or part-time job.

Often relatives or friends share houses, so the complete home atmosphere is missing and home discipline is difficult.

In complaining about a child being difficult, it is important, therefore, to inquire into the child's home and school environment, and discover and remedy the causes of the trouble.

A leaflet helping to solve some of these problems has been prepared by the Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped, addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.

Quick!
Relief from
FLU aches

BOTTLE OF 24, 1/3
BOTTLE OF 100, 4/-



**BAYER'S
ASPIRIN**

"The trouble with most mothers is that they do too much for their growing children; you should do more guiding and less doing. Suggest to your daughter that she invite some of her friends to tea, and be her own hostess, making all her own preparations."

"With anything you ask your children to do, see that the job has significance and purpose to the child. See that the task has a relation to the child's questions, problems, or desires."

"I can see what you mean, doctor," said Mrs. Askell. "You've given me something to think about, and I'll try to develop the holiday along those lines. The idea of breakfast in bed certainly needs a follow up."

(All names in this article are fictitious.)



Nylon tufts are water-proof, anti-soggy and hygienic to use.

**WHEN YOU NEED A TOOTHBRUSH
MADE WITH NYLON TUFTS —
SIMPLY ASK FOR 'NYLEX'**
A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., North Sydney

The exclusive 3-way Strap control
LIFTS FROM BENEATH!



This unique design feature of CHARMMA Brassieres has solved for many women the problem of fatigue caused by inadequate bust support. If you find one that fits you, you will be well advised to take care of it. Be sure to launder your Charmma correctly. Use a warm—not hot—iron.

Charmma
Underlift
Brassieres

Heading for leisure...



SOUTH SEA ISLAND effect with loosely falling hair and shell clips is the happy style favored by Barbara Stanwyck, Warner's star.



HIGH ROLLS with simple plaits achieve carefree neatness for Warner Brothers' star Ann Sheridan, when feeling in holiday mood.

COOL LOOKING for summer-night parties. Flowers, real or artificial, are youthful as well as sophisticated, with smooth rolls.



Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Farm)	Nurses' Entrance
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Story Writing	Designing
Journalism (F. & L.)	Shorthand
Advertisement Wtg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Brassbanding	Mail Order
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel)
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Mail This Coupon: Cut Here TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in

MY NAME ADDRESS A.W.W. 144 AGE

THE few brief days of leisure over the Christmas period are precious, so don't let hair worries spoil them. Most important, of course, to look glamorous day and night; but not easy to do with swimming and lots of outdoor fun. Solve the problem by choosing a hair-do that can be managed easily. Snoods, flowers, and bows can work wonders with the wind-blown or salt-filled hair and give quite a party touch.



UPSWEPT HAIR with curls, plus jaunty bow, combine boyishness and femininity in style chosen by attractive Susan Peters (MGM).



FELT FLOWERS clustered at each side of dark green cotton lace snood chosen by Jane Farrar (Universal). Simple and effective.



WHITE NET SNOOD forming bow on crown of head keeps hair tidy for Marjorie Riordan (Warners). Easy way to cope with unruly hair.

Designed by
Adelyn

See them first!



Latest Summer Styles



LOOK FOR THE
Adelyn
LABEL
AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

THIS SUMMER MORE THAN EVER CHERISH YOUR WHITE SHOES...

Her hat is one enormous white flower with a black veil, and like so many other smart women she chooses white shoes.

Your cool white footwear will be hard to replace this summer so keep them smart and white with frequent Kiwi

care. A single tube will last you all the season.



Trudy Marshall
20th Century Fox

KIWI WHITE

COUNTRY PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER...



Summer pests in fruit trees

FRUIT-FLIES, codlin moth grubs, scales, aphids and Rutherglen bugs are some of the summer pests gardeners have to control.

Fruit-flies can be killed by regularly spraying the foliage of summer stone, apple, pear, and quince trees with a mixture of two ounces of either sodium fluosilicate or tartar emetic, 2 1/2 lb. sugar, 4 gals. water.

Codlin moth grubs ruin the fruits of apple, pears, and quinces. Control consists of fortnightly sprayings of lead arsenate.

Scales of various kinds cause much disfiguration of citrus fruits, but they succumb readily to sprayings of white oil. Both scales and citrus aphids will die if sprayed with 1 tablespoon nicotine sulphate, 3 1/2 oz. white oil, and 4 gallons water.

Rutherglen bugs are difficult to control. Lighting fires in the garden and making them smoky by adding wet grass or other green vegetable matter is a most effective method of driving them out of trees.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

KE-PEG

PRESERVES EGGS PERFECTLY

Preserve now and avoid shortage later. KE-PEG is used straight from the jar.

1 OZ. JAR WILL PRESERVE 25 DOZ. EGGS

Eggs retain original freshness and flavour — 6 to 12 months, fry perfectly up to 2 years later! All Grocers.

REFUSE IMITATIONS



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LIKE A
PLEASANT MEMORY

The glowing, colour-blended shades of "Three Flowers" Face Powder add new radiance to your complexion... Smoothing on evenly it never cakes, streaks, dusts or blows-off... Stay as sweet as you are—always—with "Three Flowers."



If you live in Victoria, S.A., or W.A., you'll find difficulty in obtaining "Three Flowers" Face Powder and Creams... But don't worry—the shortage is due only to war-time conditions and will be overcome just as soon as possible.

three flowers
FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

Perfect your make-up with smooth-textured "Three Flowers" Face Creams.

"Beauty is your Duty"

For a Merrier Christmas

PLAN on paper all the holiday season menus, garnishes, and gay accessories. Write your market lists. Shop as early as possible.

Get out your largest platters, your finest linen, your dearest table accessories... those little china swans Aunt Mary gave you thirty years ago... that huge crystal float bowl that is so precious you haven't enjoyed it for years... those lace table mats and fine napkins to match that haven't shared any gaiety for goodness knows how long.

Prepare as much of the Christmas Day menu as possible on the 24th.

If you hold hard to the hot-dinner tradition stuff, steam the bird ready for the last-minute browning. Make your pudding beforehand, reheating

● Have fun at your own Christmas party. Give them simple dishes superbly served. Organise your service so that you don't feel flattered at mealtime.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

only on Christmas Day. Slice the beans, crisp the salads, prepare the table centrepiece, clip the garnishes, count the silver.

Please have fun at your own party, and don't work too hard.

OBSERVING the old tradition helps keep the family chin up... this Christmas tree is the symbol of goodwill... Recipe shorts are given for the fruit mould and salad platter.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS MENU

Here are menu notes with sentimental trimming for Christmas dishes, gay with color, delicious in flavor... some designed for a budget splurge, some in strict keeping with wartime routine... etcetera dishes to spoil the family for this very special occasion, and including a few remarks on the traditional wassail to drink to past memories, to a merry day, and to hopes for a happy future.

MEAL STARTERS

must be appetite-provoking, colorful, and well seasoned. Serve with salad garnish on large trays or on individual platters... usually fork or finger service.

Iced apricot halves filled with creamed cheese and chopped celery served on crisp gossamer-

shredded lettuce, seasoned with pepper and lemon juice.

Frosted melon wedges, seasoned with lemon or sherry, or ginger if you are a lucky one.

Pineapple and cheese cubes on cocktail sticks, served with fish mayonnaise in lettuce leaves or minute cheese pastry-cases.

Sliced pears, iced and dressed with muscat or lemon and cinnamon, served in lettuce with wafer cheese biscuits.

Fish cocktail served in oyster glasses or small, individual dishes... flaked fish or oysters, crab, lobster or shrimp in tomato puree seasoned with pepper, salt, mint, and Worcestershire sauce.

Hard-boiled eggs, halved and stuffed with mustard, mayonnaise, and herbs, pounded with yolks and served with bouquet of celery curls.

Iced pineapple slices drenched with sherry and seasoned with mint.

FOR A HOT MAIN COURSE

If you will stick to the tradition whatever the temperature...

Here are the festive meats and their accompaniments:

Roast chicken... stuffed, steamed, and browned in oven with bread sauce, corn and bacon fritters, potato crisps, green peas, thin brown gravy and crisp lettuce or cress side-salad.

Roast duck or ducklings... with a sage and onion stuffing, minted new potatoes, sliced green beans, thick brown gravy and apple sauce, or hot orange slices, or with orange side-salad.

Roast turkey... with a veal seasoning and sausage-meat stuffing, or with the veal seasoning and grilled sausages, bacon rolls, browned potatoes, bread sauce, gravy and hot greens or green side-salad.

Roast seasoned rabbit with red currant jelly or sweet fruit chutney, hot pineapple slices, browned potatoes, green peas, and creamed cucumber.

Seasoned shoulder or leg of lamb, cooked slowly and well, served with red currant jelly or creamed onion sauce, mint-flavored new potatoes and peas, and baked parsnips or buttered baby squash.

Pocketed steak (topside) with shredded pineapple and celery seasoning, browned and braised until chicken-tender, and served with mustard dressing, small whole onions, browned potato slices, and a tossed green salad.

Roast rib of beef with fried savory balls, sharply seasoned thin gravy, baked potatoes, whole onions, squash and green beans or mustard and cress side-salad.

FOR A COLD MAIN COURSE

... favored by progressive hot-weather housewives but still with a leaning to Christmas color and traditional foods:

Prawns, diced potato, green peas, and shallot, with lemon dressing in lettuce cups, served with jellied tomato moulds and pineapple sticks... see photograph.

Sliced turkey and ham with chilled sliced beans, little cold new potatoes tossed in salad dressing with chopped sage, baby squash seasoned with lemon and pepper, and salad greens.

Seasoned lamb roll with potato and green pea mayonnaise, pineapple wedges, and tomato halves, seasoned with minced shallot.

Sliced mock ham with poultry seasoning, diced apple and celery salad drenched with orange juice, crisp cabbage coleslaw with shallot, tomato wedges.

Shredded chicken and chopped hard-boiled eggs tossed in dressing and served with cress or lettuce and savory fruit, pineapple cubes, sliced peaches, and pickled grapes.

Gossamer-shredded cabbage and carrot set in chicken aspic, served with stuffed eggs, tomato wedges, minted new potatoes, and chilled green peas... all served with brown bread and butter wafer sandwiches spread with a pate made from chickens' livers.

FOR THE SWEET COURSE... plan a cold party sweet—gateau, decorative mould, trifle, or ice-cream dressed as a sundae if departing from the hot plum-pudding tradition. If serving plum-pudding preface with a water-ice or tartly flavored sherbet.

Chocolate Fruit Mould looks Christmassy (see photograph). Make

Continued on page 31



BABY CRAFT

WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

The secret... of beautiful hair!

You've often admired a woman with lustrous, richly coloured hair and maybe you've wondered how she keeps it that way. Well, here's the answer. She uses NAPRO Hair Dye! NAPRO Hair Dyes, made on the latest OIL SHAMPOO base, are available in twenty-one true-to-nature shades. Ask your hairdresser to beautify your hair with NAPRO Hair Dye—or if you want to apply it yourself (it's quite easy!) get NAPRO Hair Dye from chemists and stores.

NAPRO HAIR DYES

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Cracks between the toes
warn you of dangerous

SURFER'S FOOT

The first warning that you are infected with painful Surfer's Foot will be an itch and cracks in skin between the toes. This is the time when you should fight the infection with Iodex, which destroys the fungus and heals damaged skin tissues. Iodex is strongly antiseptic but does not blister tender skin.

Iodex smeared between your toes is an excellent precautionary measure.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST, 2/-

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NO-STAIN IODINE



**LOOK
BETWEEN
YOUR TOES
TONIGHT**

Cerebos

TABLE SALT

REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK
WHEN PEACE COMES.



BY CANDLELIGHT. Special-occasion atmosphere is given to this Christmas dinner-table by soft, romantic candlelight.

Holiday season recipes

• Second service for plum pudding and sauce for poultry... these are prizewinners. Send your latest menu success in to our weekly cash contest.

SERVE the plum pudding meringue piping hot after a crisp salad main dish or icy cold after a hot entree, curried turkey, or hot chicken soufflé, all after-Christmas likeliess. Try a few drops of almond essence or grated orange rind in the meringue.

CHRISTMAS MERINGUE PIE
Six ounces cold plum pudding, 1 pint milk, yolks of 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

For the meringue: Whites of 2 eggs, 2 scant tablespoons sugar. Break the pudding up finely with a fork. Beat egg-yolks and add milk. Place into a saucepan and stir over a very gentle heat until the custard coats the spoon. Add the sugar and pour over the pudding. Put into a greased dish. Beat egg-whites very stiffly, add the sugar and beat for a further five minutes. Pile on top of the pudding and custard in the dish and put into a very slow oven until the meringue is set. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hodgson, 56 Melford St., Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

CURRENT JELLY SAUCE FOR CHRISTMAS POULTRY

Two tablespoons vinegar, 2 cups water, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 stalk celery, 1 bay leaf, 1 cup red currant

jelly or any tart jelly such as apple, quince, or black currant.

Slice the onion and fry in the dripping till lightly browned, add flour, bay leaf, and chopped celery and stir till lightly browned. Add vinegar and water and simmer 1 hour. Add jelly, stirring till blended. Serve hot with any poultry.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. M. Caulfield, 9 Albion Terrace, East Brunswick, Vic.

For a Merrier Christmas

Continued from page 30

a light chocolate blancmange faintly spiced, and fold in raisins and nuts. Set in pudding-mould.

Orange Water Ice: Boil 1 pint of water, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind 10 minutes. When cold, add juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon, strain, and when partly frozen fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites and freeze.

Old-Time Treacle Chiffon Pie is redolent with spices: Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon to 1 cup water, 1 cup treacle, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, beaten with 3 egg-yolks, and cook over boiling water until custardy. Add 1 dessertspoon gelatine in 1 cup water, and beat until fluffy, and fold in 3 egg-whites stiffly beaten with 4 tablespoons brown sugar. Chill in pastry-case.

FOR THE WASSAIL BOWL... summer Christmas punches are icy and refreshing, not of the steaming, mulled variety ladled out to carollers singing in the frosty night nor are wartime egg-nogs laced with rum and bitters.

Mint Julep Iced Tea: To 2 cups freshly brewed tea add 3 or 4 sprigs mint, juice of 2 lemons and 1 orange, 3 cloves, 1 cup sugar. Chill, strain, and when ready to serve add 1 pint grape or apple juice, 1 cup diced pineapple, few cherries, thinly sliced orange, 2 pints water, or to taste, and cracked ice.

Fruit Egg-nog: To each cup of milk add 1 beaten egg, 1 dessertspoon honey, pinch nutmeg or other spice, 1 teaspoon grated or lemon rind, and 1 tablespoon orange or other fruit juice. Serve very cold.

Spiced Fruit Cup: Combine 2 cups orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup apple juice, 2 cups water, few curls of orange rind, 4 cloves, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon honey. Chill, and when ready to serve, add 3 pints ginger ale or lemonade and cracked ice.



CHRISTMAS BUFFET with an all-cold menu including individual salads, mock birds with stuffed bacon rolls, dishes of savories, icy sweets, and special fruit punch.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart.

Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, falling memory, dizziness, rushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way, start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, purify your blood, and give you new energy and good health.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6/6 flask of 20 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 2/6 (12-day) flask of 20, from your nearest chemist or store 10-day.

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
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For that gardenia-smooth look you love...

Chiffon Face Powder. It mists over little faults, films your complexion with beauty. And though so diaphanous it clings hour upon hour, even without a powder base.

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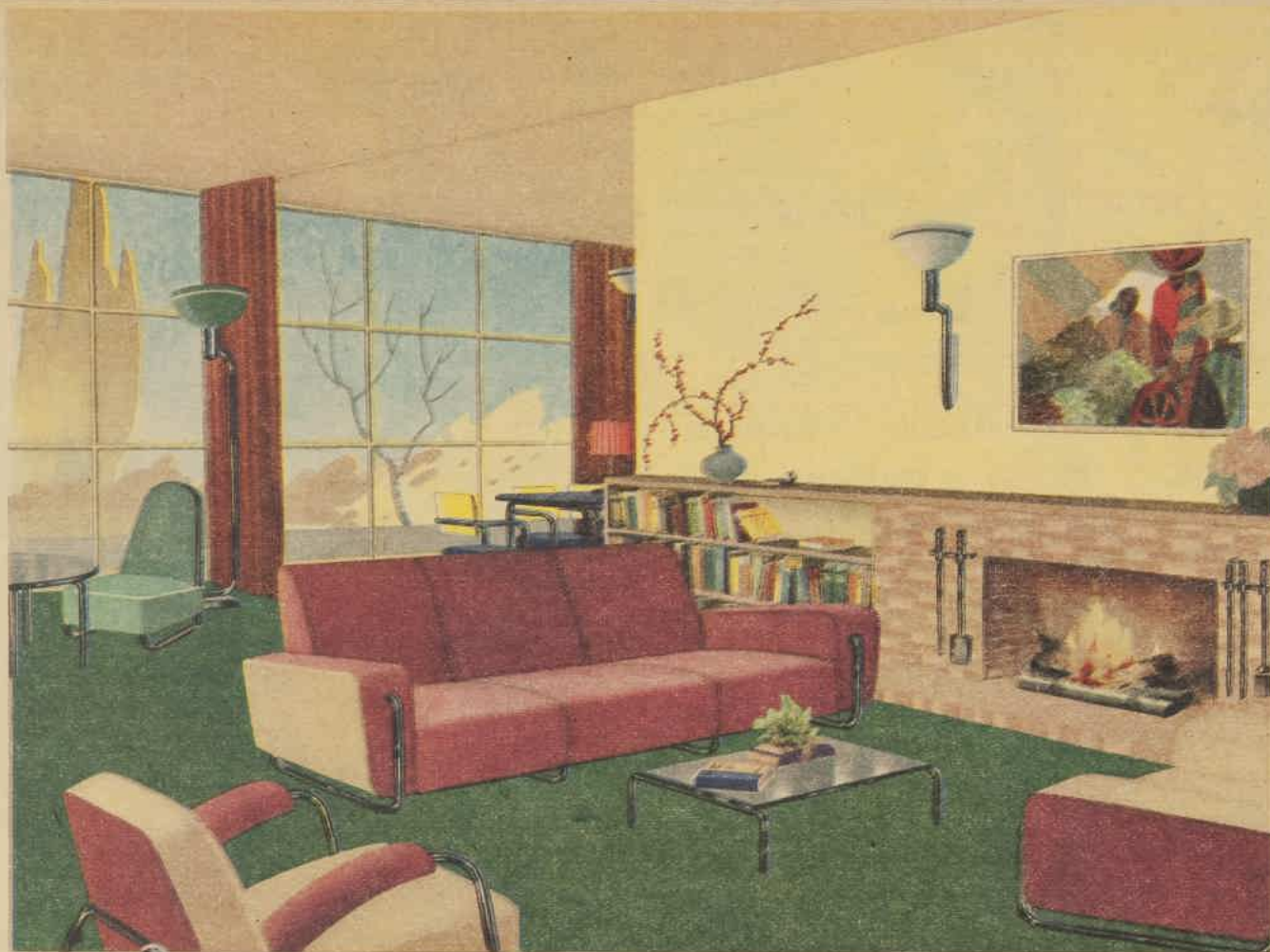
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BUBBLES... SUMMER SHOWERS





THE TUBES OF PEACE ARE ON THE WAY . .

THE war-time bride is waiting and planning for the day when industry is freed from its all-absorbing war commitments, and can turn again to the creation of homes and new and exciting amenities that will make home life easy . . pleasant . . worth living.

She has had time to plan, and with the wisdom of long deliberation she will choose Steel Tube furniture and fittings. In Steel Tubes she sees the answer to every modern demand of good taste and good sense.

There's smartness in satisfying measure—lasting smart-

ness—yes, everlasting smartness, for Steel Tubes defy the ravages of time as does no other material. And obviously those smooth, polished Steel Tubes could never harbour dust or dirt, nor retain for longer than a duster-stroke any smudges or smears.

Look ahead with her into the kitchen where tables and chairs blend perfectly with the modern, space-saving layout of cupboards, cooker, sink and refrigerator (each incorporating some of the infinite varieties of Steel Tubes in their essential construction).

Inspect the bathroom, where spotless tiles and enamel are matched for brightness by the polished Steel Tubes of the water and heating systems, towel rails, shower curtain supports and toothbrush racks.

Look into bedrooms and living room that are bright and airy because slim Steel Tubes take the place of the squat, heavy furniture of yesteryear.

She has planned well. She has planned a home in which she will always have pride . . . a home in which she will always be the arbiter and never the slave.



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